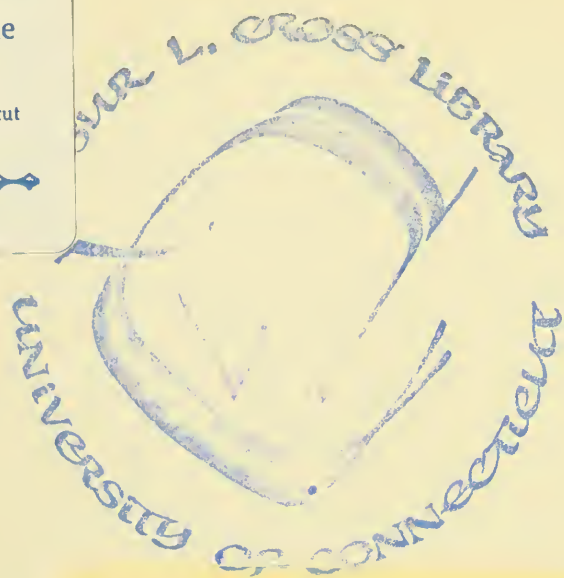


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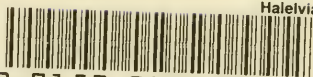


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HALELVIAH

OR,

Britans Second Remembrancer.

(1641.)

BY

GEORGE WITHER.

THE SPENSER SOCIETY.

PART I.

1879.

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY.

1879.

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PRINTED BY CHARLES E. SIMMS,
MANCHESTER.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

THE Council of the SPENSER SOCIETY regret that, owing to unavoidable hindrances, the issues for the year 1878-9 have been delayed beyond the usual period, a disappointment which they trust will not again occur. Wither's *Hallelujah*, now issued, was the work of that author which their late colleague the Rev. Thomas Corser, thoroughly versed in all his writings, was most anxious to see reproduced in the Spenser series, both on account of the poetical merits of its Hymns and Songs, which is universally allowed to be very considerable, and the excessive rarity of the diminutive original edition, which Wither's best biographer, the Rev. Aris Wilmott, was never able to obtain a sight of. Four copies only are known to exist of it, namely, that in the British Museum, which was Herbert and Dalrymple's; the one possessed by Mr. Gaisford, which previously belonged to Mr. Heber and Mr. Wrightson; Mr. Huth's, the Bridge-water copy, which had been Mr. Pulham's, and was purchased for 35*l.* 10*s.*; and Mr. Corser's, which sold at his

sale for 18*l.* 5*s.*, and was afterwards obtained for the purpose of this reprint for 21*l.*

The only remaining poetical works of Wither which are yet wanting to complete this series are *Hymns and Songs of the Church* (1623), *The Psalms of David* (1632), *Britain's Remembrancer* (1628), and his *Emblems* (1635). It is proposed that the third, *Britain's Remembrancer*, a poem of great interest, and affording a most graphic picture of London and the country at the period of the great plague of 1625, shall be selected as the Spenser Society's issue for 1879-80.

JAS. CROSSLEY,
PRESIDENT.

CONTENTS.

HALELVIAH or, BRITANS Second REMEMBRANCER, bringing to REMEMBRANCE (in praifefull and Pœnitentiall *Hymns*, *Spirituell Songs*, and *Morall Odes*) Meditations, advancing the glory of GOD, in the praëtife of Pietie and Vertue ; and applyed to easie Tunes, to be Sung in Families, &c. Composèd in a three-fold Volume, by GEORGE WITHER.

The first, contains *Hymns-Occasional*. The second, *Hymns-Temporary*. The third, *Hymns-Personall*.

That all *Persons*, according to their Degrees, and Qualities, may at all Times, and upon all eminent *Occasions*, be remembred to praise GOD ; and to be mindfull of their Duties.

One woe is past, the *second*, passing on ;
Beware the *third*, if this, in vain be gone.

LONDON, Printed by *I. L.* for *Andrew Hebb*, at the Bell in *Pauls Church-yard*. 1641.

(*Lowndes*, p. 2966 ; *Hazlitt*, Wither, No. 21.)

1641.

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in Pauls Churchyard. 1641.

TO
The thrice Honorable,
the high Courts of Parlia-
ment, now assembled, in
the Triple-Empire of
the BRITISH-ILES :

GEO. WITHER, humbly ten-
ders, this his HALELVIAH

OR

Second REMEMBRANCER.



Fifteen yeers, now
past, I was in some
things of moment,
a Remembrance to
these *Ilands* ; which have in
many Particulars, so punctu-
ally, and so evidently suc-

A 2 ceeded,

ceeded , according to my
Predictions ; that, not a few,
have acknowledged , they
were not published so long
before they came to passe,
without the speciall *Provi-*
dence , and *Mercie* of G O D,
to these *Kingdomes* : And,
some, who scornfully jeared,
and maliciously persecuted
me for that *Book* (almost to
my utter undoing) have li-
ved, to see much of that ful-
filled which they derided ;
and to *feel*, that, which they
would not *beleeve* ; to the
verifying of a conditionall
Impre-

Imprecation, exprest at the
later end of my eightth *Can-*
to, in these words :

And,if by *thee*, I was appointed, LORD !
Thy *Judgements*,and thy *Mercies*, to record
(As here I do) set thou thy mark, on those
Who shall, despightfully, the same oppose.
And, let it, publikely, be seen, of all,
Till, of their malice, they repent them shall.

Of which , I do not here
make mention , that notice
may be taken of it for mine
own repute (because I know
the vanitie of such Aymes,
and how easily, they may be
turned to my disgrace) nei-
ther is it mentioned to add

A 3 to

to their dishonour or affliction, who are now found guiltie, aswell of publike as of private *Oppressions*: For, GOD so comfort me, as I have compasionated them, as they are men: But, I do, rather, thus offer those Events to consideration; that my *Former*, and these *Remembrances*, may be the more effectually observed, to stir up thankfulnesse, and heedfulnesse of GODS dealing, both with my self, and others.

For, though it were but a
Bush,

Bush, which burned ; GOD, was the inflamer of that *Shrub* : and (as it now seemeth) it was a *Beacon* warrantably fired, to give true Alarms to prevent those *Dangers*, and *Innovations*, which, then, to me, appeared neere at hand. Yea, though my *First*, and these my *Second Remembrances*, may have some passages, and expressions in them, favouring so much of my naturall Infirmities, as may make them distastfull to a *proud-knowledge* ; and perhaps exercise

A 4

the

the humilitie of a *Sanctified*
Wisdome: yet , I am confi-
dent, that, GOD hath been
pleased to accompany my
Imperfect-Musings , with
some *Notions* pertinent to
these *Times* ; and proceeding
from *himself*: which I desire
may be considered of, as
they shall deserve, and no
otherwise.

I Arrogate no more, then
Balaams-Affe might have
done. GOD, opened mine
eyes to see Dangers , which
neither my most Prudent
Masters (nor men as Cun-
ning

ning as *Balaam*) seemed to behold. G O D , opened my mouth , also ; and compelled me (beyond my naturall Abilities) to speak of that which I foresaw would come to passe : And , mens eyes are now so cleared (excepting theirs who are wilfully blind) that most of us behold the *Angel* of the LORD which stood in our way, with a drawn *Sword*. And we have lately obtained also, (partly, in hope ; and partly, in possession) such publike, and private Deliverances ;

A 5 that

that both private *Oblations* of *Thanksgiving*; and generall *Sacrifices* of *Praise*, are, now, and everlastingly, due from these *Ilands*.

For the better performance, of which dutie, I do now execute the Office of a *Remembrancer* in another manner, then heretofore: and, have directed unto *You*, the most honourable *Representative Bodies* of these *Kingdomes*, the sweet *Perfume* of *Pious-praises*, compounded according to the Art of the *Spirituell-Apothecarie*, to further
ther

ther the performance of
thankful *Devotions*: hoping,
that, by your Authorities they
shall (if they so merit) be
recommended unto them,
for whose use they are pre-
pared. And, there will be
need both of GODS extra-
ordinary blessing, and of
your grave assistance herein.

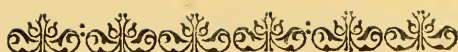
For, so innumerable are
the foolish and prophane
Songs now delighted in (to
the dishonour of our Lan-
guage, and Religion) that
HALELVIAHS, and pious
Meditations are almost out
of

of use and fashion : yea, not in private only ; but, at our *publike Feasts*, and *civil meetings* also, Scurrilous and obscene *Songs* are impudently sung, without respecting the reverend Prefence of *Matrons, Virgins, Magistrates* or *Divines*. Nay, fometime, in their despight, they are *called for, Sung, and Acted*, with such abominable gesticulations , as are very offensive to all modest hearers, and beholders ; and fitting only to be exhibited , at the Diabolicall Solemnities of *Bacchus , Venus, or Priapus*. For

For, Prevention whereof,
I am an humble Petitioner,
that some order may be pro-
vided, by the Wifdome and
Pietie, of your *Affsemblies*;
Seeing upon due examinati-
on of this Abuse, it may
foone be discovered, that, af-
well *Censores Canticorum*, as
Librorum will be neceffary
in thefe Times; and I am
confident your *Zeal & Pru-
dence*, will provide as you
fee caufe; and accept thefe en-
deavours of your humble
Suppliant and Servant; who
submitting himfelf and his
Re-

Remembrances to your grave
Cenfures, fubmifsively takes
his leave ; and befeecheth
GODS blefsing upon your
honourable Defignes and
Consultations.

To



To the Reader.



Was wont to faine my self
a *Shepherd*: but, now I
have really a *Flock* and ma-
ny other such like Rurall
negotiations to oversee;
among which, I do now and then, inter-
mingle employments of this nature, that
I might not muddle, altogether, in dirt and
dung; but leave behind me some testimo-
nials, that, while I laboured for the main-
tenance of my *Body*, I was not without
Meditations pertinent to the well being
of my *Soul*: though the Affaires which
necessitie compels me to follow, are no
little hinderances to the *Muses* which I
affect.

I have observed three sorts of *Poësie*,
now in fashion: One, consisteth meerely
of *Rhymes*, *Clinches*, *Anagrammicall Fan-
cies*, or such like verball, or literall Con-
ceits

To the Reader.

ceits as delight Schoolboyes and Pedanticall wits; having nothing in them either to better the understanding, or stirre up good Affections.

These *Rattles* of the *Brain*, are much admired by those, who (being men in years) continue children in understanding: and those *Chats of wit*, may well be resembled to the fantastlicall Suits, made of *Taffaties* and *Sarcenets*, cut out, in flashes; which are neither comely nor commodious, for sober men to weare; nor very usefull for any thing (being out of fashion) but to be cast on the dunghill.

Another sort of *Poesie*, is the Delivery of necessary Truths, and wholesome documents, couched in significant *Parables*; and illustrated by such flowres of Rhetorick, as are helpfull to work upon the Affections, and to insinuate into Apprehensive Readers, a liking of those Truths, and Instructions, which they expresse.

These *Inventions*, are most acceptable to those who have ascended the middle-Region of *Knowledge*; For, though the
wisest

To the Reader.

wifest men make use of them in their writings ; yet, they are not the wifest men for whose sake they are used. This *Poesie* is frequently varied, according to the severall Growths, Ages, and Alterations of that *Language*, wherein it is worded : and, that, which this day is approved of as an elegancy, may seeme lesse facetious in another Age. For which cause, such *Compositions*, may be resembled to *Garments* of whole Silke, adorned wth gold lace : For while the Stuffe, shape and trimming, are in fashion, they are a fit wearing for *Princes* ; and (the *Materials* being unmangled) may continue usefull to some purposes, for some other persons.

A third *Poesie* there is, which delivers commodious Truths, and things Really necessary, in as plain, and in as universall termes, as it can possibly devise ; so contriving also, what is intended, that the *wifest* (having no cause to contemn it) may be profitably remembred of what they know ; and the *Ignorant* become informed of what is convenient to be known.

This

To the Reader.

This, is not so plausible among the *Wittie*, as acceptable to the *Wife*; because it regardeth not so much to seeme Elegant, as to be usefull for all persons, in all times: which it endeavoureth, by using a phrase and method, neither unpleasing to the time present, nor likely to grow altogether out of use, in future Ages; And if it make use of *Ænigmaticall* expressions, it is to prevent the prophanation of some Truths; or the oppressing of their professors. The commendation of this *Poësie* is not improperly set forth by a Mantle (or such like upper Garment) of the best *English-Cloth*: for, that, continueth indifferently serviceable for all seasons; and, may be usefully and commendably worn, by men of every degree.

To this plaine and profitable *Poësie* I have humbly aspired, (and especially in this Book) imitating therein (though coming infinitely behind them) no worse Patterns then the most holy *Prophets*: And by this means, I hope, the memoriall of GODS mercies, shall be the better pre-

To the Reader.

preserved in our hearts; and things pertinent to our happiness be the more frequently presented to a due consideration.

Songs, were adjudged (even by the wisdom of the *holy Ghost*) the fittest means to convey to many persons, and through many Generations, those Caveats, Counsels; and Considerations, which ought seriously to be minded; as appears by the *Song* of *Moses*, and many other dispersed in both *Testaments*; as also, by the *Psalms* of *David*. Yea, our own experience assures us, that, by *Song*, matters of moment may not only be committed to memory with more ease, but be more delightfully preserved unforgetten, then by my other means.

Songs and *Hymns*, are the most ancient writings of the World, and the most esteemed in pious Ages. In them, divine Mysteries were first recorded; and doubtlesse, to celebrate the honour of GOD, and to stir up mens affections to the love and practise of Holinesse and Vertue, was the prime Subject and Scope of ancient *Song*
and

To the Reader.

and *Musicke*; though at this time they are otherwayes, overmuch, employed. But, indeed, the abuse of them is no new thing; for, the devill perceiving how Devotion, and honest affections were by these means, assisted and stirred up, he, long since, taught his *Prophets* to magnifie also their false *Gods*, in *Hymns* dedicated to their honour; and to provoke uncleane Desires by prophane and immodest *Songs* and *Ballads*, fitted to uncleane *passions*; of which later sort we have now such varietie, that there is hardly Roome (sure I am) no encouragement for a devout *Muse*.

Childhood and youth, are almost generally so seduced and bewitched, with vain (if not wicked) *Songs* and *Poems*, that, holy and Pious Meditations, are tedious and unwelcome to most men, all their life long. Nay *Poesie* hath bin so prophaned by unhallowed *Suggestions*, (*Inspirations* I will not call them) and by having been long time the *Baud* to Lust; and abused to other improper ends; that some good
men

To the Reader.

men(though therein, not very wise men) have affirmed *Poësie*, to be the Language, and invention of the Devil.

To prevent these Errors and Offences, Mr. *Sandys*, Mr. *Harbert*, Mr. *Quarles*, and some others, have lately, to their great commendations, seriously endeavoured, by tuning their *Muses* to divine Strains, and by employing them in their proper work. For the like prevention, I have also laboured according to my Talent; and am desirous both to help restore the *Muses* to their ancient honour, and to become a means, by the pleasingness of *Song*, to season Childhood and young persons, with more Vertue and Pietie. To that end, I composed these *Hymns* and *Songs*; taking the advantage of *Times*, *Persons*, and *Occasions*, in hope that by using various means, I shall at some *Time*, upon some *Occasion*, in some *Persons*, prevent or dissolve the Devils *Inchantments*; by these lawfull *Charmes*; which may be read or Sung, to that purpose, as occasion is offered; and as my *Readers* are affected.

in

To the Reader.

In my *Personall Hymns*, I arrogate not to instruct men of all Qualities or degrees, in each point of their duties; neither to dictate all meditations pertinent to them in the exercise of their devotion; but, I rather offer some principal duties, and occasions of thankfulness, to the Remembrance of those who know them; and the knowledge of them, to such as are altogether ignorant; in hope, the one or the other, (if not both) may be benefited thereby.

The like I profess in my *Hymns*, appropriated to *Times*, and *Occasions*. And, perhaps, they who need Instruction, shall find, here, and there, dispersed, most of those duties, which are pertinent to Christian men and women, of every *degree*, and *condition*: peradventure also, the publishing of these *Helps*, and *Remembrances*, may by GODS blessing, encrease necessary *knowledge*, in those who most want it; and, that *Honesty*, and *Pietie*, which is lately decayed.

As in the *Language*, so in the sorts of
verse

To the Reader.

verse, I have affected plainnesse, that I might the more profit them, who need such *helps*: This I have done also, that they may be sung to the common Tunes of the *Psalmes*, and such other, as are wel known; to which, I have directed my Reader, not to confine him to such Tunes; but, that he may have those, untill he be provided of such as may be more proper: which, perchance, may by some devout *Musician*, be hereafter prepared.

In all these *Compositions*, I have made use of no mans method or Meditations, but mine own. Not that I despised good helps: but, partly, because my Fortunes & my employments, compelled me to spin them out of my own Bowels, as occasions were presented unto me; and chiefly, because I thought, by searching mine own heart, I should the better finde out, those musings, and expressions, which would flow with least harshnesse; and be most futable to their capacities, whom I desire to profit.

All these things considered, I hope, I
shall

To the Reader.

shall be judged excusable though I attained not to perfection, in my pious Endeavours; and I am hopeful also, (considering, how many *Songs* I have now prepared to advance a *Christian Rejoycing*) that it will not be thought altogether my fault, if there follow not a *merry-Time*.

Without more words; I commit these my humble *Devotions*, to their use who shall approve and accept of them; and the event of my Studies and desires, to GODS gracious providence; whom I beseech, to sanctifie them, to his Glory.

June 1. 1641.

HALELVIAH

OR,

BRITAN'S second REMEM-
BRANCER, bringing to *Remembrance*
(in praifefull and Pœnitentiall *Hymnes*,
Spirituell *Songs*, and Morall *Odes*) Me-
ditations advancing the glorie of
GOD, and the Practise of
Pietie and Vertue.

The first part consisting of
Hymns Occasional.

H Y M N E. 1.

A generall Invitation to praise GOD.

*This Hymn stirreth up to the praise of God, by a
Poeticall Invitation of the Creatures to the per-
formance of that Dutie according to their severall
Faculties and Dignities. And, it is a preamble to
the following Hymns.*

Come, oh come in pious *Laies*,
Sound we *God-Almighti's* praise.
Hither bring in one Consent,
Heart, and Voice, and Instrument.

B

Musick

Musick adde of ev'ry kinde ;
 Sound the Trump, the Cornet winde.
 Strike the Violl, touch the Lute.
 Let nor Tongue, nor String be mute :

Nor a Creature dumb be found,
 That hath either Voice or Sound.

2 Let those Things which do not live
 In *Still-Musick*, praises give.

Lowly pipe, ye *Wormes* that creep,
 On the *Earth*, or in the *Deep*.

Loud aloft, your Voices strain,
Beasts, and *Monsters* of the *Main*.

Birds, your warbling *Treble* sing.
Clouds, your *Peales of Thunders* ring.

Sun and *Moon*, exalted higher,
 And bright *Stars*, augment this *Quire*.

3 Come ye *Sons of Humane-Race*,
 In this *Chorus* take a place ;

And, amid the mortall-Throng,
 Be you *Masters of the Song*.

Angels, and supernall Powr's,
 Be the noblest *Tenor* yours.

Let in praise of *God*, the found
 Run a *never-ending Round* ;

That our *Song of praise* may be
Everlasting as is *HE*.

4 From *Earths* vast and hollow wombe,
Musicks deepest *Base* may come.

Seas and *Flouds*, from shore to shoare,
 Shall their *Counter-Tenors* roare.

To

To this *Confort*, (when we sing)
 Whistling *Winds* your *Descants* bring.
 That our *Song* may over clime,
 All the Bounds of *Place* and *Time*,
 And ascend from *Sphere* to *Sphere*,
 To the great *All-mightie's* care.

5 So, from Heaven, on Earth, he shall
 Let his gracious Blessings fall:
 And this huge wide *Orbe*, we see
 Shall one *Quire*, one *Temple* be;
 Where, in such a *Praise*, full Tone
 We will sing, what he hath done,
 That the curst *Fiends* below,
 Shall thereat impatient grow.

Then, oh Come, in pious *Laies*,
 Sound we *God-Almighties* praise.

HYMNE. II.

When we first awake.

*It is Gods mercy that our Sleep is not to Death: and,
 therefore whensoever we awake, it becometh us to
 lift up our hearts to God in this, or in the like Me-
 ditation.*

Sing this as the 25. or 67. Psalmes.

Dear *God!* that watch dost keep
 Round all that honour Thee.
 Vouchsafing thy *Beloved* sleep,
 When Rest shall needfull be:

B 2

My

My Soul returns thee praise,
That thus refresh'd I am ;
And that my tongue a voice can raise,
To praise thee for the same.

2 As now my Soul doth shake
Dull Sleep, out of her eies ;
So let thy Spirit me awake,
That I from sin may rise.
The *Night*, is past away,
Which fill'd us full of fears ;

And we enjoy the glorious *Day*,
Wherein thy grace appears.
3 Oh ! let me, therefore, shun
All Errors of the *Night*.

Thy *Righteousnesse* let me put on,
An walk as in the *Light*.
And guard me from his powre,
(Since I on thee relie)

Who walks in darknesse to devour
When our *Long-sleep* draws nigh.

4 Yea, when the Trump shall sound
Our Summons from the Grave,
Let this my Body from the ground,
A blessed Rising have.
That (whatfoe're the *Dreames*,
Of my *Corruption* be)
The Vision of thy *Glorie's* Beames,
May bring full Joyes to me.

H Y M N E

HYMNE III.

When Day-light appears.

*When we first behold the renewed light, our thoughts
should be lifted up to the Father of Lights, by
whose mercy we escape the perils of Darknesse:
And it would become us, otherwhile to praise
him, and instruct our selves, in this, or the like
Meditation.*

Sing this as the 51 Psal. or the Lamentation, &c.

Look forth mine eye; look up and view
How bright the Day-light shines on me.
And as the Morning doth renew,
Mark how renew'd Gods mercies be.

Behold, the Splendors of the *Day*,
Disperse the shadows of the *Night*;
And, they who late in Darknesse lay,
Have now the comforts of the Light.
2 Nor *Twilight-Plagues*, nor *Midnight-Fears*,
Nor mortall, nor immortall Foes,
Had powre to take us in their snares;
But safe we slept, and safe arose.

And to those Daies which we have had,
He that is *Lord* of Day and Night,
Another Day vouchsafes to add,
That our lost houres redeeme we might.

3 It is too much to have made voide
So many daies already past:

B 3

Let

Let this, therefore, be so employ'd,
As if we knew it were our last.

Most *Creatures*, now, themselves advance,
Their *Morning-Sacrifice* to bring;
The *Heards* do skip, the *Flocks* do dance,
The windes do pipe, the Birds do sing.

4 LORD, why should these, who were decreed,
To serve thee in a lower-place,
In thankfull-Duties, us exceed,
Who have obtain'd the highest grace?

We are oblig'd much more than those
Our voice in thankfull Sounds to raise:
Therefore oh *God*! our lips unclofe;
And teach our Tongues to sing thy praise.

5 Let heart, and hand, and voice accord,
This Day, to magnifie thy Name:
And let us ev'ry Day, oh LORD!
Continue to performe the same.

So when that *Morning* doth appear,
In which thou shalt all *Flesh* destroy;
We shall not be awak'd with fear,
But, rise and meet thy *Son* with Joy.

Hymne III.

When we put on our Apparell

*The putting on of our Apparell, may occasion many
considerations, helpfull to keep us mindfull of our
Frailties; of our Wants; and of some Cave-
ats preventing errors and snares, whereinto we
may, els, faller'e the Day be past. Sing*

Sing this as the Magnificat, or Te Deum.

L *Ord*, had not man fought out by sin,
 What should have been unknown;
 His nakedness felt had bin,
 And, wiser he had grown.
 But, in the stead, of what he thought
 By lawless means, to know,
 The knowledge of that *want*, was taught,
 Which brings the sense of *woe*.
 2 Had he as forward striv'd to be,
 The *Fruit of Life*, to taste,
 As on the *Death-procuring-Tree*,
 A lustfull Eye to cast;
 The *Blisse* which was for him prepar'd,
 In *Soul*, he had obtain'd:
 And in his Body, also shar'd
 The *Blessing*, preordain'd.
 3 But, since the *Flesh*, did presse to see
 Her *wants* before the time;
 Both *Soul* and *Flesh* afflicted be
 For that presumptuous Crime:
 And, cumbred so, with pains and care,
 To purchase *Cloth* and *Food*;
 That little their endeavours are,
 To seek their *chiefest-Good*.
 4 *Lord!* with a Robe of Innocence,
 Thy *Servant* so aray,
 That, it may take the painfull sense,
 Of outward wants away.

B 4

Yea,

Yea, let thy *Justice* cloth me so,
 That I incurre no blame;
 Nor through *my* sin so naked grow,
 As to augment my shame.
 5 And let the *Garments* which I weare,
 My tender Fleſh to hide,
 Be neither made a *luſtfull-ſnare*,
 Nor Enſignes of my pride.
 But, rather be a means to ſhow
 The folly of that Deed,
 By which man fell; and fell ſo low,
 As theſe poore Toyes to need.

HYMNE V.

A morning *Hymne*.

*Many dangers hang over us all the Day. Therefore,
 before we adventure forth to follow our Affaires
 we might be the more ſafe, if we were firſt
 charmed by ſuch Invocations as theſe.*

Sing this as the Pater-noſter.

SInce thou haſt added, now, ô G O D!
 Vnto my life, another Day;
 And giv'ſt me leave to walk abroad,
 And labour in my lawfull way:
 My *Walks* and *Works*, with me begin;
 Conduct me forth, and bring me, in.
 2 In ev'ry powre my Soul injoyes
 Internall Vertues to improve;

In

Inev'ry Sense that thee employes,

In her externall Works to move,

Blesse her ô *God* ! and keep me found,
From outward harme, and inward wound.

3 Let *Sin* nor *Sathans* fraud prevaile,

To make mine eye of *Reason* blind,

Or *Faith*, or *Hope*, or *Love* to faile,

Or any *Vertues* of the Minde ;

But, more and more, let them encrease ;

And bring me to mine end, in peace.

4 Lewd Courtes, let my *Feet* forbear ;

Keep thou my *Hands* from doing wrong :

Let nor Ill-Counsels pierce mine *Eare*,

Nor Wicked-words defile my *Tongue*.

And keep the windows of each *Eye*

That no strange Lust climbe in thereby.

5 But, guard thou safe my *Heart*, in chief,

That neither Hate, Revenge, nor Feare ;

Nor vain-Desire, vain-Joy, or Grief,

Obtain Command or Dwelling, there :

And *L O R D*, with ev'ry saving-Grace,

Still, true to thee, maintain that *Place*.

6 From open-wrongs, from secret-hates,

Preserve me, likewise *L O R D* this Day :

From slanderous Tongues, from wicked Mates,

From ev'ry Danger in my Way:

My *Goods* to me, secure thou, too ;

And prosper all the Works I do.

So, till the Evening of this Morn,

My Time shall then so well be spent,

B 5 That,

That, when the Twi-light shall return,
 I may enjoy it with content ;
 And to thy praise, and honour say,
 That this hath prov'd a happy-Day.

HYMNE V I.

A Hymne whilst we are washing.

*Though Water be a common Blessing ; yet we receive
 many great Benefits thereby, and cannot live con-
 veniently without it. If, therefore, we sometimes
 remember to be thankfull in the use of it, and to
 sanctifie it with such like Meditations, as these, it
 will become Holy-water unto us.*

Sing this as the 1. 4. or 30. Psalmes.

AS we by Water wash away
 Vncleannesse from our flesh,
 And, sometimes, often in a day,
 Our selves are faine to wash :
 So, ev'ry Day, *Thoughts, Words, or Deeds,*
 The Soul do fully, so,
 That often, ev'ry day, she needs
 Vnto her *Cleanfer* go.
 2 Our *Sins* purgation doth require,
 Sometime, a *Flood of Teares* ;
 Sometime the painfull *purging-Fire,*
 Of Torments, Grievs, or Fears :
 And all this Cleansing will be lost,
 (When we our best shall do)
 Vnlesse

Vnlesse we by the *Holy-Ghost*,
 May be baptized too.
 3 LORD, by thy *Sanctifying-Spirit*,
 And, through my Faith in thee,
 (Made acceptable by thy Merit)
 Purge, Wash and Cleanse thou mee.
 And, as this *Water* purifies
 My Bodies outward blots,
 So, cleanse thou, by thy Blood, likewise,
 My Souls internall spots.
 4 And, since this usefull *Element*,
 Thou freely dost afford,
 (In using it) let me present
 Due thanks to thee ô LORD!
 And, then, accept that Sacrifice,
 (Though cheap, and mean it be.)
 And, do not those Requests despise,
 Which I preferre to thee.

HYMNE VII.

When we enjoy the benefit of the Fire.
Fire is a Creature, both beneficiall and harmfull, (according too ur headfulnesse, and Gods blessing.) Therefore, this Hymne serves both to remember us to be thankfull for the good received; and to beseech Gods protection from the dangers of it.

Sing this as the 2. 6. or 7. Psalmes.

B^Vt that, no wonders, Things appear,
 Which ev'ry Day we see,

This

12 *Hymne VIII. Part. I.*

This *Fire*, whose warmth our flesh doth chear,
 A wondrous-thing would be :
 For, while by Fewell it is fed,
 (Which we therefore provide)
 Arayd in shining *White* and *Red*,
 It will with us abide.

2 But, when the same we do neglect,
 It quickly flies away ;
 And fometime (for our difrespect)
 Vpon our *Goods*, doth prey.
 If guided well, it is a Friend :
 If not ; it proves a Foe,
 Which bringeth Cities to an end,
 And Realmes may overthrow.

3 LORD, since this Creature, much we need,
 And harm'd thereby may be,
 (Vnlesse we take thereof good heed)
 From harmes, preferve us free.
 Yea, thankfull make, for that which warms,
 And which we now enjoy :
 And keep us ever from the harms,
 Of that which doth destroy.

H Y M N E V I I I .

Before we begin our Work.

*When we are preparing towards our daiiy employments,
 their Beginnings, would finde the better successfull
 endings, if we did otherwile, Sing, Say, or
 Think somewhat to this purpose.*

Sing

Sing this as the 10. Commandments.

SInce thou hast LORD, appointed so,
That Man by labour must be fed;
Loe, with a chearefull mind I go
To labour for my daily-bread.

I doe not at my Lot repine,
(Though others live much more at ease)
But, I subiect my *Will* to thine;
And thy *Good-pleasure* me shall please.

2 Let what I purposed now to doe,
Be fully pleasing unto Thee;
And give a good successe thereto,
That profit thence may spring to mee.

Be thou the Author of each Deed,
VVhich now by me shall be begun:
VVith me throughout my works proceed;
And perfect them, when I have done.

H Y M N E I X.

VVhen we are at our Labour.

*Many use to mitigate the tediousnesse of their Labours
by singing. Therefore (to encourage labouring men at
their Works) some Priviledges of a laborious life;
and some Petitions, befitting such as live by La-
bour, are the subject of this Hymn.*

Sing this as the 14. or 15. Psalmes.

VVHy should I grieve that I was made
(VVhil't others take no paine)
To

To labour at a toylefome Trade,
 My body to maintaine?
 And, that to compaffe Cloth and Meat,
 My *Lot* no meanes doth grant,
 Vntill my Browes or Braines do fweat
 To get me what I want?
 2 Or, wherefore, by a murm'ring Tongue,
 Should I augment my Care,
 Because I am not rang'd among
 Those *Drones* that Idlers are?
 For, *Labour* yeelds me true content,
 (Though few the fame doe fee)
 And, when my toyling houres are fpend,
 My Sleeps the sweeter be.
 3 Though *Labour* was enjoin'd at firft,
 To be a Curfe for Sin,
 Yet Man, by being fo accurst,
 May skrew a *Blefing* in.
 And, He that with a patient minde,
 This pennance doth fustaine,
 Shall by his paines true pleasures finde,
 And many comforts gaine.
 4 Whilft honeft Labours are applide,
 We vex our *Ghoftly Foe*;
 And in our hearts, he is denide,
 His harmfull Tares, to fowe.
 A thoufand mifchiefes we avoyd,
 When he would us entrap:
 Which they, who are not fo imployd,
 But rarely do efcape.

- 5 It makes our Bread more sweet than theirs
 Who idly spend their wealth :
 We feldome have so many Cares,
 And live in better health.
 If we, at Night, begin to tire,
 Next Morning, fresh we grow ;
 And for our Meat, or for our hire,
 To worke againe we go.
- 6 Men feldome heare us crying out
 (As Idler Folk have done)
 By reason of the *luzie Gout*,
 The *Collick*, or the *Stone* :
 But, when our strength consum'd we have,
 That Ripenes doth increase,
 Which makes us ready for the Grave,
 And there, we rest in peace.
- 7 LORD grant me health, and strength to
 The Labours laid on me ; (beare
 And in those Works to persevere,
 Where to I call'd shall be.
 And let me finde, by what thy *Grace*
 Hath for my Soul prepar'd,
 That, he who works in *meanest Place*,
 May gaine the best *Reward*.

HYMNE. X.

After our Worke is done.

*Left (when we have accomplished our intended
 Works) we lose the benefit of our Labours, by Im-
 providence,*

*providence or Vnthankfulneſſe ; We are hereby put
in remembrance to beſeech of God that we forfeit
not the comfort of them, by our ſins.*

Sing this as the 100. Pſalme.

THAT I unthankfull may not be,
Now this my worke is fully done,
VVith Praiſes LORD, I come to thee,
In whom it was at firſt begun :

For if my Painſhath compaſt ought,
From whence, a profit may redound ;
Thy *Grace*, the ſame in me hath wrought :
Elſe, fruitleſſe, had my deeds been found.

2 Let not my Folly, nor my Foe,
Nor *paſt*, nor *future ſins*, deſtroy
The Labours, which I did beſtow
An honeſt profit to enjoy.

But, make my Paines, and their Effect,
To me, ſtill, proſp'rouſly ſucceed ;
And let me never LORD, neglect
To praiſe thee, both in *Will* and *Deed*.

H Y M N E. XI.

VVhen we depart from home.

*When we depart from home, every ſtep is attended
with ſome Hazzard, or Temptation, whereby
we may be endangered, if GOD prevent not.
To him therefore, we ſhould liſt up our hearts to this
effect.*

Sing this as the 16. or 18. Pſalmes, &c.

VVho

WHoknows,when heto go from home
 Departeth from his dore,
 Or *when*,or *how*,he back shall come?
 Or, whether never more?
 For,some,who walk abroad in health,
 In *sicknesse*, back are brought:
 And,some,who forth have gone with *wealth*,
 Have back-return'd with nought.
 2 LORD, therefore now I goe abroad,
 My Guard,I thee confesse;
 And humbly beg of thee ô G O D!
 My *going-forth* to blesse.
 Go with me,whether I would go;
 Stay with me,where I stay:
 Do for me,what I ought to do;
 Speake 'Thou,what I should say.
 3 From taking wrong,from doing harme,
 From Thoughts and Speeches ill;
 From Passions rage,from pleasures charme,
 Vouchsafe to keep me still.
 Let me abroad,some *Blessing* finde;
 And let no curse the while,
 Befall to that I leave behinde,
 My honest Hopes to spoile.
 4 But let my *Going-out* and *In*,
 My *Thoughts*,my *Words*,and *Waies*,
 Be alway safe; Still, free from Sin,
 And,ever to thy praise.
 And,when my pains effect shall take;
 Or,Times of stay are spent;

With

With Health, and Credit, bring me backe,
With Comfort and Content.

H Y M N E. X I I.

When we returne Home.

*Though our Affaires may not permit us to sing upon
all such occasions, yet we ought at all times to be
thankfull : and we have, at least, leisure enough to
Meditate to this purpose, when we returne home.*

Sing this as the former Hymne.

S Ince, LORD thou hast well pleased bin,
 (As now it may appeare)
To beare me forth, to bring me in,
 And set me safely here ;
I, who deserved not this Grace,
 Should far lesse worthy be,
If I repay not in this place,
 The thanks I owe to thee.
2 My Tongue therefore, Oh LORD (my King)
 Now foundeth out thy praise :
My *heart* the self same strain doth sing ;
 And, thus to thee it sayes :
Thou art my GOD ; and never shall
 Another God be mine ;
And *Kingdomes, Powers, and Glories*, all
 For ever shall be thine.

H Y M N E

HYMNE. XIII.

At Noone-tide.

We have usually some refreshings as well at Noone-tide, as in the Mornings and Evenings. Therefore, the singing of a Meridian-Hymne, to this, or the like purpose is not impertinent.

Sing this as the former Hymne.

Now the *Sun* is at his height,
 And brightest Beames displaies;
 We to the *Father* of this *Light*
 Will sing a song of praise:
 For since that Lampe can shine so cleare,
 And guild so large a Skye,
 VVhat Splendor doth in him appeare,
 VVho made that glorious *Eye*!
 2 How happy in the *Light*, we be
 VVhich from this *Planet* flowes,
 Inform'd we are (in some degree)
 VVhen from our view he goes:
 For, Blessings, at the full, receiv'd,
 Appear not so, at best,
 As when we are, awhile, depriv'd
 Of that which was possesst.
 3 Both for this meanes of *outward sight*,
 VVe praise thee LORD, therefore,
 And, for those Beames of *Inward Light*,
 VVhich make that Blessing, more.
 Vouch-

Vouchsafe, that whilst this happy-Day
 Of *double-grace* doth last,
 My feet may travell in the way
 Which thou commanded hast.
 4 Those *Works of Darknesse* make me shun,
 Which my chiefe practise were :
 Those *Armes of Light*, let me put on,
 Which I am bound to beare.
 That when the *Night of Death* shall close
 The *Daylight* of mine Eies,
 I may without affrights repose ;
 And with true Joyes arise.

HYMNE. XIII.

At Sun-setting.

The singing or meditating to such purposes as are intimated in this Hymne (when we see the Sun declining) may perhaps expell unprofitable musings, and arme against the Terrors of approaching darknesse.

Sing this as the former.

BEhold, the *Sun* that seem'd, but now,
 Enthroned over-head,
 Beginneth to decline below
 This Globe, whereon we tread :
 And, he whom, yet, we looke upon
 VVith comfort and delight ;
 VVill quite depart from hence, anon,
 And leave us to the Night.

2 Thus

2 Thus Time (unheeded) steales away
 The life which Nature gave.
 Thus, are our Bodies ev'ry Day
 Declining to the Grave.
 Thus, from us all those Pleasures flie,
 VVhereon we set our hart :
 And, when the *Night* of death draws nigh,
 Thus will they all depart.
 3 LORD ! though the *Sun* forsake our fight,
 And mortall hopes are vain,
 Let, still, thine *Everlasting Light*,
 VVithin our Soules remain.
 And in the Nights of our Distresse
 Vouchsafe those *Raies-divine*
 VVhich from the *Sun* of *Righteousnesse*,
 For ever brightly shine.

H Y M N E X V.

In cleare Starry Night.

*By contemplating the beauty of the Stars (which were
 created for the service of Man) we are taught to
 consider the speciall and unspeakable Mercies of
 GOD, vouchsafed in CHRIST IESV.*

Sing this as the Lamentation.

L ORD ! when those glorious *Lights* I see
 VVith which thou hast adorn'd the Skies ;
 (Observing how they moved bee,
 And how their Splendor fills mine Eyes)
 Me-

Me thinks it is too large a Grace,
 (But that thy *Love* ordain'd it fo)
 That Creatures in fo high a Place,
 Should fervants be to M A N below.
 2 The meanest *Lampe*, now shining there,
 In size, and luster doth exceed
 The noblest of thy Creatures, here ;
 And of our friendship hath no need.

Yet, These, upon Mankinde attend,
 For secret Ayde, or publike Light :
 And, from the *Worlds* extremeſt end,
 Repaire unto us, ev'ry Night.

3 Oh ! had that *Stumpe* been undefac'd
 VVhich, first, on us thy hand had fet,
 How highly should we have been grac'd !
 Since, we are fo much honour'd, yet ?
 Good G O D ! for what, but for the sake
 Of thy Belov'd, and *Only-Sonne*,
 (VVho did on him, our nature take)
 VVere these exceeding Favours done ?

4 As we by *Him*, have honour'd bin,
 Let us to *Him*, due honours give :
 Let *His* uprightneſſe hide our Sin ;
 And let us *Worth* from *Him* receive.

Yea, fo let us by *Grace* improve
 VVhat thou by *Nature* doth beſlow ;
 That, to thy Dwelling place above,
 VVe may be raised from below.

H Y M N E

HYMNE XVI.

In a darke Night.

Darknes is uncomfortable to all, and very dreadfull to many: Therefore, we prepared this Hymne, that such as are fearefull, may have wherewith to comfort their hearts againſt the terrors of Darknes.

Sing this as the 19, 20, or 21. Pſalmes.

VVhat though the comforts of the Light,
 This gloomy Night denies?
 Though me to trouble, and affright,
 Vnwelcome Darknes tries.
 VVhat ſhould I doubt? whom ſhould I feare?
 Or why diſheartned be,
 Since thou O GOD! art ev'ry where,
 And preſent, ſtill, with me?
 2 VVhat miſchiefe ſhath a *Midnight howre*,
 My Terror to procure?
 VVhat warrant hath a *Noone-tide powre*
 My ſafety to aſſure?
 I find no comforts in the Day,
 If thou thy preſence hid'ſt;
 Nor can the Darknes me diſmay
 If near me, thou abid'ſt.
 3 Indeed, the *Feind* that hates the light,
 Doth oft occaſion take,
Amid

24 *Hymne XVII. Part. I.*

Amid the darknesse of the Night,
 This *Bugge-bear* shewes, to make :
 Yet, fure, the *Darknesse* of our *Minds*
 Is that, whereby this *Foe*,
 Most frequently, occasions finds,
 The greatest harmes to doe.
 4 Me, from that Darknesse to defend
 Thy Grace, ô LORD afford.
 So me th' *enlightening Spirit* lend,
 And *Lanthorne* of thy *Word*.
 For then, though *Egypt's* Darknesse had
 Inclos'd me round about ;
 (Yea, though I fate in *Death's* blacke *Shade*)
 That *Light* should guide me out.

H Y M N E X V I I.

An Evening Hymne.

Left Bruit-creatures rise in judgement against us for neglect of thankfulness. This Hymne of Praise is tendred to be a Remembrancer, and a Help for the better performance of that Duty.

Sing this as the Prayer after the Commandments.

LORD, should we oft forget to sing
A thankfull *Evening-Song* of praise ;
This Duty, they to mind might bring,
VVho chirpe among the bushy-fp-raies.
For, to their Pearches they retire,
VVhen first the twilight waxeth dim ;
And,

And, ev'ry night that sweet-voic'd Quire,
Shuts up the Day-light with a Hymn.

2 Ten thousand fold more cause have we,
To close each Day with praisefull voice ;
To offer thankfull hearts to thee ;
And in thy Mercies, to rejoice.

For, from thy *Ward-robe* cloth'd we are :
Our *Health* we do by thee retaine :
Our *Dayly-bread* thou do'st prepare ;
And givest *Ease*, when we have paine.

3 Thou mak'st us *Glad*, when we are griev'd :
When we are tir'd, thou bringest *Rest* :
In wants we are by the *Reliev'd* ;
And *Succour'd* when we are oppress'd.

These favours, LORD, and many more,
(Ev'n more then here we can recite)
Thou ev'ry *Morning* do'st bestowe ;
And them renewest ev'ry *Night*.

4 Therefore, for all thy Mercies past ;
For those this Evening doth afford ;
And which for times to come, thou hast ;
We give thee hearty thanks, ô LORD !

Continu'd let thy Bounties be ;
And, from our Ghostly Foes despight,
(Though we deserve it not from thee)
Defend us this ensuing-night.

5 When we shut up, in darknesse, lie,
Let not the guilt of any Sin,
Appeare, our Soules to terrifie
With Frights, which bring *Despairings* in.
C But

But free from harmes and slavish Feare,
 Let us a Peacefull Rest obtaine ;
 That when the *Morning* shall appeare
 We may renew thy Praise againe.

HYMNE XVIII.

Another Evening *Hymn*.

*In this Hymne, GOD is praised, and his protecting
 and preventing Grace implored, to secure us from
 the dangers and Temptations of the Night, and it is
 intended for an Evening-Hymn.*

NOW the cheerfull Day is past,
 And the Beauties of the *Light*,
 Are with shadowes, overcast,
 By the Mantle of the *Night*.

Thanks to thee, ô LORD ! I pay
 For each Blessing of this Day ;
 Asking Grace for ev'ry Sin,
 Whereby err'd I have therein.

2 Though the *Sun* hath left us now,
 And withholds his Light from me ;
 LORD, From hence depart not thou,
 Nor in Darknesse, let me be.

But the Raies of grace divine,
 Cause thou round me still to shine ;
 And, with *Mercy* overspred
 Both my Person, and my Bed.

3 Chase all wicked *Fiends*, from hence,
 That they doe me no despight,
 By deluding of the Sense,
 Through the Darknesse of the Night.

But, ô LORD, from all my Foes,
 Let thine *Angels* me enclose ;
 And protect me in my sleep,
 When my selfe I cannot keep.
 4 Whil'st my Body taketh rest,
 Let my Soule attend on thee.
 Let no dreame to me suggest
 Fancies that unchaste may be.
 Whether I shall wake or sleep,
 Me in Mind and Body keep,
 Not from Acts of Sin alone,
 But, from dreaming they are done.
 5 And since *Death* and *Sleep* are said,
 Some resemblances to have ;
 In my *Bed* ere I am laid
 So prepare me for my *Grave* ;
 That with comfort wake I may,
 To enjoy the following day,
 Or, (if *Death* close up mine eies)
 Rest in *Hope*, till all shall rise.

H Y M N E X I X.

When we put off our Apparell.

*Whilest we are putting off our Apparell, the singing of
 this brieve Hymne, will be neither tedious nor un-
 profitable ; seeing we may thereby prepare aswell
 our Minds as our Bodies for the better enjoying of a
 comfortable Rest.*

Sing this as the 33, or 34. Psalmes.

AS e're I downe am couched there,
Where, now I hope to rest ;
I, first, from what I daily weare,
Begin to be undrest.
So, in my Grave, e're I shall be
In blest repofure layd,
Of many Rags, yet worne by me,
I must be difarayd.
2 My fruitlesse *Hopes*, my foolish *Feares*,
My *Lust*, my lofty *Pride*,
My *fleshly-Joyes*, my *needleffe-Cares*,
Must quite be laid aside.
Yea that *Selfe-Love*, which yet I weare
More neare me then my skin,
Must off be pluck'd, e're I shall dare
My *last-long-sleep* begin.
3 Of *These*, and all such Rags as these,
When I am difarayd
My Soule and Body shall have ease,
Where ever I am layd :
For Feares of Death, nor Cares of Life,
Shall then disquiet me ;
Nor dreaming-Joyes, nor waking Griefe
My Sleeps disturbance be.
4 Therefore, instruct thou me ô G O D !
And give me grace, to heed
With what vaine things, our selves we lode ;
And what we rather need.
Oh ! help me teare those Clouts away,
And let them so be loth'd,

That, I, on my *last-rising-Day*,
 With Glory may be cloth'd.
 5 And, now, when I am naked layd,
 Vouchsafe me so to arme;
 That nothing make my heart afraid,
 Or doe my Body harme.
 And guard me so when downe I lie,
 And when I rise againe;
 That (sleep, or wake, or live, or die)
 I, still, may safe remaine.

HYMNE XX.

When we cannot sleep.

When we cannot sleep at seasonable times, vaine muzzings, and want of right meditating on God is frequently chiefe cause of unrest. Therefore this Meditation directeth to the remedy of such untimely watchfulness.

Sing this as the former Hymne.

WHAT ayles my Heart, that in my brest
 It thus unquiet lies?
 And that it, now, of needfull Rest
 Deprives my tired eies?
 Let not vaine Hopes, griefs, doubts, or feares
 Distemper so my mind;
 But, cast on GOD, thy thoughtfull cares,
 And comfort thou shalt find.
 2 In vaine that Soul attempteth ought,
 (And spends her thoughts in vaine)

C 3

Who

Who *by*, or *in* her selfe, hath fought
 Desired peace to gain.
 In vain, as rising in the morne,
 Before the Day appeare :
 In vain, to Bed we late returne,
 And lye unquiet, there :
 3 For, when of Rest, our Sin deprives,
 When Cares do waking keep,
 Tis G O D (and he alone) that gives
 To his *Beloved*, sleep.
 On thee, ô L O R D, on thee, therefore,
 My musings, now I place :
 Thy free remission, I implore,
 And thy refreshing grace.
 4 Forgive thou me, that when my mind
 Opprest begun to be,
 I fought elsewhere, my peace to find,
 Before I came to thee.
 And, gracious G O D, vouchsafe to grant,
 (Vnworthy though I am)
 The needfull rest which now I want,
 That I may praise thy *Name*.

H Y M N E X X I.

A generall thanksgiving.

*Because the particular Benefits which we receive of
 God, are so many, that we cannot sing particular
 Hymns for every Mercy, this general Thanks-
 giving is provided for those who need such helps.*

Sing

Sing this as the 100. Psalme.

O LORD I faine would sing thy praise,
But, know not where I should begin ;

So often, and so many waies,
Thy Favours have conferred bin.

No blessing needfull to be had,
Are we, by thee debarred from
Whereby we happy may be made,
On earth ; or, in the world to come.

2 I, for my *Being*, thanke thee first,
And, that when I the same possesse,
I was no Creature of the worst ;
But, had Endowments of the best.

And thy eternall-Providence,
I praise, with all the pow'rs in mee,
For ev'ry grace vouchsaf'd me since
I first receiv'd my life from thee.

3 For ev'ry *Sense*, for all my *Limbs* ;
And, for each gift, I praise returne,
Which outwardly my body trims ;
Or, me doth inwardly adorne.

I praise thee, for my *Strength*, my *Health*,
My *Shape* ; and also for that share
Which I have had of *worldly-Wealth*,
And, of some *honest-Pleasures* here.

4 I praise thee for my *Friends* and *Foes* ;
(For, both have usefull been to mee)
Yea, for thy just-correcting blowes,
I render hearty thanks to thee.

C 4

I

I likewise magnifie ô G O D !
 Thy wisedome, for that goodly *Frame*,
 Which over us thou spread'st abroad ;
 And, for this *Globe* on which I am.
 5 For all things of this *lower-World* ;
 For ev'ry Star, in ev'ry Sphere,
 Which round about this *Orbe* is whirld,
 I praise thee with a heart sincere.

But, most of all, I praise thee, L O R D,
 For pardoning what is done amisse ;
 And, for the means thou dost afford
 To bring me to *Eternall Blisse*.

6 For *chusing* me, e're time was made ;
 For thy *Creating* me, in Time ;
 For my *Redemption*, when I had
Well-being lost, by *Adams* crime.

For me inlightning, by those Rayes,
 Whereby the Paths of *Truth* I see ;
 For bringing me from Errors wayes ;
 For these things, L O R D, I honour thee.

7 I blesse thy *Name*, that by thy Grace
 I freely *justified* am ;
 And, that, when I *polluted* was,
 I thereby *sanctifide* became.

I praise thee too, that I abide
 Preserved in the *State of Blisse* ;
 And, that, of being *Glorifide*,
 My wofull Soule, kept hopefull is.

8 Oh L O R D, to sum up *all*, in *One*,
 (In *One*, which ev'ry Blisse containes)

I

I give thee thanks for CHRIST thy Son,
Who all these gracious Favours daignes.

To *Him*, for whatsoever HE E
Hath *suffred, said, or done*, be praise.
And, to that *Spirit*, who to mee,
The meanes of all this Grace conveys.

H Y M N E X X I I.

When we ride for Pleasure.

We make use of GOD's Creatures, as well for pleasure, as for necessity. Therefore when we ride forth for pleasure, it will become us to mix, now and then such thankfull Meditations with our lawfull Pleasures, as are in this Hymne.

Sing this as the 10. Commandements.

MY GOD, how kind? how good art thou?
Of Man, how great is thy regard?

Who do'st all needfull things allow,
And, some for Pleasure, hast prepar'd?

With what great Speed? with how much ease?

On this thy Creature, am I borne,
Which at my will, and when I please
Doth forward goe, and backe returne?

2 Why should not I, ô gracious GOD!

More plyant be to thy command,

When I am guided by thy word,

And gently reined by thy hand.

Asham'd I may become to see

The *Beast* (which knowes nor good, nor ill)

C 5 More

More faithfull in obeying me,
 Then I have been, to do thy will.
 3 From him therefore, LORD, let me learn
 To serve thee, better then I do ;
 And minde how much it may concern
 My welfare to endeavour so.
 And, though I know, this Creature lent
 Aswell for Pleasure, as for need ;
 That I the wrong thereof prevent,
 Let me, still, carefully take heed.
 4 For, he that, wilfully shall dare
 That Creature, to oppresse or grieve,
 Which GOD to serve him doth prepare,
 Himselfe of mercy doth deprive.
 And *He*, or *His* (unless in time
 They doe repent of that abuse)
 Shall one day suffer for his Crime ;
 And want such *Creatures*, for their use.

HYMNE XXIII.

For him that undertakes a *long-voyage*.
Many are the Casualties and Hazards of long-
voyages. Therefore, this Hymn puts Travellers
in minde of some things pertinent to their safety ;
and remembers them, whose Protection they ought
to seek.

Sing this as the 4. Psalm, &c.

HEe that a *Voyage* undertakes,
 Had need be well prepar'd ;

And,

And (when his Countrey he forsakes)
 Procure an able Gard:
 For, perils are so rife become,
 That (e're we be aware)
 They often ceaze on us at home,
 When we most watchfull are.

2 My Journey, therefore, in thy *Name*,
 I, now ô Lord, begin;
 That thou maist guide me through the same,
 And prosper me therein.
 Be thou my *Pilot* and my *Guide*,
 My *Guard*, my *Staffe*, my *Stay*;
 And, ev'ry thing for me provide,
 That's needfull in my way.

3 To *Pilgrims*, thou, in Ages past,
 Approv'dst thy felse a Friend;
 And, to their *Pilgrimages*, hast
 Vouchsaf'd a blessed end.
 The *Father* of the *Faithfull Race*,
 His *Son*, and *Grand-childe* too,
 Removed oft from place to place,
 And, *Thou* didst with them goe.

4 The *Patriarchs* in Marchantwife,
 For Food, to *Egypt* went;
 Endev'ring their necessities,
 By *Travell*, to prevent.
 Thy blest *Aposiles* (whom the *Spheres*,
 Did, therefore figure out)
 Were univerfall *Travellers*,
 To preach thy Truth about.

5 Yea

5 Yea, when thy bleſſed *Son*, ô *G O D* !
 Did in our fleſh appeare,
 (And made amongſt us his abode)
 His Travels, many were.
 To Egypt, he a voyage made,
 Ev'n in his tendreſt age ;
 And other painfull Journeyes had,
 To ſcape the Peoples rage.
 6 *L O R D*, make a voyage now with me ;
 Conduſt, and guide me, ſo,
 As *Jſr'el* guided was, by thee,
 In Ages long agoe.
 Like *Jacobs* Voyage, make thou mine,
 With me thine Angell ſend ;
 And let thy face upon me ſhine,
 Vntill my Journies end.
 7 Twixt me and ev'ry perill ſtand,
 That ſhall my life aſſaile
 Vpon the Water or the Land,
 And let them not prevaile.
 Proteſt from Poyſon, Fire, and Sword,
 From theeves and beaſts of prey :
 From unexpected Sickneſſe, *L O R D*,
 And Stormes upon the way.
 8 From all extreames of Cold and Heat ;
 From all Infectious Aires ;
 From Wants or Torments overgreat ;
 From Bondage, and Deſpaires :
 From their Deſpight that Goodneſſe hate,
 And miſchiefes doe intend :

From

From Flattrers, and a Faithlesse-mate,
Thy Servant, LORD, defend.
9 Preserve me sober, and Discreet,
Just, humble, meek and kind ;
That, such as would ensnare my feet,
No powre thereto may finde.
Make cleane my heart, and keep my Tongue,
That I nor think, nor say,
What may be to anothers wrong ;
Or mine own life betray.
10 Throughout my *Travels* give me grace
Discreetly to avoyd,
The Sins, and Errors of the *Place*,
wherein, I am employed.
And, let me those things only learn,
Which to thy praise may be,
My Countrys good, someway, concern,
Or truly profit me.
11 To these intents, thine Ayd afford ;
Thy daily blessing, daign,
And, bring me in due time, ô LORD,
In safetie back again.
That, I may joyfull praises give
Vnto thy holy *Name* ;
And others, (who thy love perceive)
Assist me in the same.

H Y M N E.

HYMNE XXIII.

For safe return, from a Voyage.

Men that are in want and danger (farre from their homes) have many longings for a safe return ; But, being arrived where they would be, a vain Jollitie, or negligence, puts (oftentimes) out of minde all remembrance of due thankfulnesse ; which we desired to prevent by this Hymn.

Sing this as the 100. Psalm.

How great ! how gracious have I found
Thy Favours, LORD my God, to mee !

How, for thy mercies, I am bound,
With all my Pow'r's, to honour thee ?

For, that whereto my wish aspir'd,
To me thou, timely, granted hast,
(As fully as my heart desir'd)

And, all my Fears are gone and past.

2 Me, thou hast hither, from a far,
Through many Streights and perils brought;
And, now, in presence, those things are,
Whose Absence, overlong I thought.

How often ! hath my heart been sad,
Whilst Hope did suffer by delay ?

And, ô ! how faine would I have had
A sight of what I view this day.

3 The place desir'd, the Friends belov'd,
And, many wished pleasures more,

From

From which I lately was remov'd,
Thy Mercie doth to me restore.

Nor didst thou, only, thus preserve
And bleſſe me, LORD, beyond deſart ;
But, when diſfavour I deſerve,
My kinde, and conſtant Friend thou art.
4 Permit not, ô permit thou not
Theſe overflowings of thy grace,
To be abuſed or forgot,
In any future Time, or Place.

But, let me all my life time-long,
My *Will*, my *Wits*, and *Strength* beſtow
As well in *Action*, as in *Song*,
Thy *Wiſdome*, *Powre*, and *Love* to ſhow.
5 And, when thoſe *Travels* have an end,
Which for mine own advantage, here,
(Or for thy ſervice) I attend,
Make my laſt *Voyage* without fear.
Yea, when my *Journey* I ſhall take
Vnto my laſt, and longeſt-*Home* ;
A Joyfull Paſſage, let me make,
And, bleſſed in thy Reſt, become.

H Y M N E X X V.

When we are upon the Seas.

*Death is alwaies within a few ynches of thoſe who
continue on Ship-board : yet, moſt men, in their Sea-
paſſages, are vainly employed, & inſenſible of their
perils. This Hymn, therefore, offers their Condi-
tion, and Dutie, to conſideration.*

Sing

Sing this as the 48. Psalm &c.

ON those *Great Waters* now I am
 Of which I have bin told,
 That whosoever thither came,
 Should Wonders there behold.
 In this unsteadie place of feare
 Be present Lord with mee,
 For, in these Depths of Water here,
 I depths of Danger see.

2 A *stirring-Courser* now I fit;
 A *headstrong-Steed* I ride,
 That champs and fomes upon the Bit,
 Which curbs his loftie pride.
 The softest whistling of the winds,
 Doth make him gallop fast,
 And, as their breath increaf'd he finds
 The more he maketh hast.

3 Take thou ô LORD, the Reines in hand;
 Assume our *Masters* roome:
 Vouchsafe thou at our Healme to stand;
 And *Pilot* to become.
 Trim thou the *Sailes*, and let good-speed
 Accompany our hast:
Sound thou the *Channells* at our need,
 And *anchor* for us cast.

4 A fit and favourable *wind*
 To further us, provide;
 And, let it waite on us behind,
 Or lacky by our side.

From

From Sudden *Gusts*, from *Stormes*, from *Sands*;
And from the *raging-wave*,
From *Shallowes*, *Rockes*, and *Pirates* hands,
Men, Goods, and Vessel, save.

5 Preserve us from the wants, the feare,
And Sickneffe of the *Seas*;
But, chiefly from our *Sins*, which are
A Danger worse then these.

LORD, let us, also safe arive
Where we desire to be;
And, for thy Mercies, let us give
Due thanks, and praise to thee.

H Y M N E X X V I.

In a Storme at Sea.

Passionate expressions of Fear, intermixt with reasonable considerations do help mitigate our passions in great Extreames; and Lamentations are as properly exprest in Song, as mirth: Therefore this Hymne may profitably, be said or Sung, in a terrible Tempest to beget Courage, and strengthen our Faith.

L O R D, how dreadfull is this howre?
And how sad is ev'ry Eie?
Clouds dissolve, the *Skies* do lowre,
Waves are fierce, and *windes* are high:
Wrath, above us frowning sits,
Danger, hath enclos'd us round;

Fear,

Fear, of us, possession gets,
And, beneath us, *Death* is found.

*LORD, awake ! awake we pray ;
Chase this raging Storme away :
Els, we perish all to Day.*

2 *LORD*, we know that thou art nigh,
Though, as yet, thou seem not near;
And are sure thou hear'st our cry,
Though asleep, thou dost appear.

Let, ô let not any Crime,
(Past or present) come in place,
To condemn us, in a time,
When, so much, we need thy grace :

*But, ô fend us, now, thine ayde ;
Let not Mercy be delayd :
For, thy Servants are afraid.*

3 If our *Vessell* bear ô *LORD* !
Wicked *Fraught*, or *Crying Sin* ;
Help to heave it over-boord,
That, *Salvation* may come in.

Bid the *Seas*, more calme become ;
Bid the *Waves* more lowly grow ;
Check the *Winds*, and call them home :
That, the *Deeps* they stir not so.

*Hear, whilst call on thee we may :
For, if Thou the Word but say,
Winds and Waves will thee obey.*

4 More this *Tempest* doth not rage,
Then when *Jonah* shunn'd thy Face :
But, that Storme thou didst affwage,

When

When the *Seamen* fought thy grace.

When in Dangers, like to these,
Thy *Disciples*, grew afraid ;
Thou didst Then the Winds appease,
And, the Tempest was alayd.

They for help, invoked Thee.

LORD! *they Cryde ; and so do we :*

Therefore, saved let us be.

5 Though our *Lives*, we value dear,
And our *Goods*, too highly rate :
Death is not our chiefeſt Fear,
Nor the loſſe of our eſtate.

More we fear to looſe thy Love ;
More we fear thy wrathfull Frown :
For, our *Conſcience* doth reprove ;
And, to us, our Guilt have ſhown.

Senſe, and Conſcience, of our Sin,
Is more terrible, within ;

Then the Storme, without, hath bin.

6 Theſe internall *Stormes* controul :

And, (how er'e our *Bodies* fare)
Speak thou kindly to the *Soul*,
Thy ſweet *Calmes*, vouchſafing there.

Then, the *Tempeſt* rais'd without,
Shall, to us, no Danger bring :
But, (repreev'd from *Fear*, and *Doubt*)
We thy praife, ô LORD! will ſing.

Yea, though Winds and Waters roare,
(Rend the Rocks, and tear the Shore)
We will ſing thy Praiſe the more.

H Y M N

HYMNE XXVII.

When a Storme is past, at Sea.

Fear compells most men, in times of Danger, to call upon GOD, whom they seldom remember before they are troubled; and when the perills are past, few return thanks for their Deliverances. Therefore, this Hymne offers it selfe, to remedy that Forgetfulnesse.

Sing this as the 100. Psalm.

See, see, the Skie from stormes is clear;
More smoothly, now the Waves do flow:
The Billows, that above us were,
Contented seeme, to lie below.

The furious Winds are much alayd;
More sober, now, the Ship appears;
And, we, who lately were afraid,
To Hopes, have changed all our Fears.
2 Our Vowes, our Prayers, and our Crie,
With GOD, have good acceptance had.
He saw our danger, from on hie
And, speed to save us, he hath made.

Come, let us therefore to his praise,
(With joyfull hearts, and hands upheav'd)
In thankfull Songs, our Voices raise;
And sing of what we have receiv'd.

3 The Fears of Death, inclos'd us round;
The Sins of Life, increas'd that Fear:

No

No means of safetie could be found ;
Nor did in us, much hope appear.

Above our heads, the *waves* did roul :
The *Winds* did make our Tacklings crack.
The *Deep*s had nigh o'rewhelm'd our Soul ;
Both Skill and Courage we did lack.

4 Some did the losse of *Goods*, deplore,
(Of which depriv'd they thought to be)
Some griev'd, through fear, lest they no more,
Should their lov'd Friends, or Country see.

Some seeming nigh Destructions brink,
(And seeing Danger gape so wide)
Opprest with fear, began to think,
In how ill-state, they might have dide.

5 There was no Soul among us, here,
But, feared more then did befall :
For, GOD, in mercy, doth appeare ;
And shows compassion to us all.

Therefore, let us (now fear is past)
Consider what small Joy or ease,
Those things, whereon our hearts were plast,
Afford, in dangers, like to these.

6 And, let us purchase, whilst we may,
That *Grace*, whereby we may be fraught
With Courage, in a *Dreadfull-Day*,
To set the *Worldlings* Fears at naught.

And, as we joyntly do partake
The Mercy, which we now possesse ;
So, let us joynt-Confession make
And thus to thee, our God, confesse.

7 Oh

7 O LORD! our safetie is of Thee.

It was thy Powre and love, alone,

By which we now secured be;

And other *Helper*, we have none.

To Thee, from whom we did receive

This Grace (and thoufands heretofore)

Our Tongues, our Hands, and Hearts we give,

To ferve and praife thee evermore.

H Y M N E X X V I I I .

When we come a Shore.

*It is a Mercy worth acknowledging, when GOD
hath brought us to fixe our feet on firm land again;
and that the Winds and Tides have been made
serviceable unto us: Therefore, in this Hymn
GOD is praised for that Benefit.*

Sing this as the former Hymn.

I Thank thee LORD, I thee adore,
With humbled heart, and bended knee,
That, thus upon the Stable Shore
My Feet in safetie fixed be.

I praife thee, that the fickle Seas,
For me a Pathway, have been made,
Through which unharmed, and at ease,
A Passage, hither, I have had.

2 I thank thee that thou didst provide,
And serviceable make to mee,
The motions both of *Winde* and *Tide*;
Though I am slack in ferving thee.

I praise thee, that, no *Swallowing-Sands*,
No *Splitting-Rock*, no *Gulph*, or *Bar*,
No *Storme*, or *Bloody Pyrats* hands,
To ruine me permitted were.

3 For this, and ev'ry other thing,
Which by thy Favour I possesse,
I thank thee LORD; Thy praise I sing;
And thy abounding love confesse.

O let thy *Grace* (which fixed hath
My feet in safetie on the Land)
Preserve me constant in thy Path
And, ever true, to thy Command.

H Y M N E X X I X.

When we Journey by Boat or Barge.

*Some who Travell in Boats or Barges, are delighted
to employ the time of their Passage in stirring up
good Affections in themselves and other Passengers
by Hymns, and Spirituall Songs; we have
therefore prepared a proper Hymn for that Oc-
casion.*

Sing this as the 4 Psalme.

H O W are ô G O D ! we Sinners bound
To give thee thanks and praise?
Who to prevent our pains, hast found
And shown us, many waies.
By Horse and Coach we at our ease,
Ore Hills and Dales may ride;
Through

Through Lakes,through Rivers,and through
In Boates,and Ships,we glide. (Seas,

2 The *Waters* which unruly are,
To ferve us,may be won ;

And forc'd our Burthens home to bear,
Which way fo e're they run.

The *Windes*,to give our *Courfer* breath,
From ev'ry Quarter blow ;

And, we, within a foot of Death,
In ease and safetiego.

3 Vpon the *Water*, now we passe,
And, safe we hope to be,

By thy Protection,and thy Grace,
Because we trust in Thee.

Continue with us, all the way :
(Though we are full of Sin)

Preserve us, and our *Boat*, we pray,
With ev'ry thing therein.

4 Guide thou this *Veffell*, trim our Sails ;
In Danger hear our Cry :

And, when our skill,or Courage fails,
Thofe failings L O R D, fupply.

No *Paffengers*, Orefights, or Crime,
L O R D, (whether great or small)

Within this *Veffell*,at this Time,
To question, do thou call.

5 The foolish *Tales*, the *Lies*,and *Oathes*,
That passe among us,here ;

(And, which the well affected loathes)
To mark, be not fevere :

Nor

Nor let the *Civill-pafsenger*,
 The more ufafely paffe,
Because this *Boat*, perhaps, doth bear
 Despifers of thy *Grace*.
6 And, when that *Key* or *Port*, we gain,
 Whereat we would arive ;
To Thee, (that fafe we may remain)
 Due Praifes let us give.
And, while in progresse, thitherward,
 We are in motion, here,
Let us, (if we expect Regard)
 Continue in thy Fear.

H Y M N E X X X.

When we are Walking in a *Garden*.

*The Garden is a Place of Delight ; and we may
take Many Occasions , whilst we are there walk-
ing, to meditate things pertinent to God's glorie,
and our own Instruction, both to the prevention of
Sin, (which may els be committed) and to the fan-
ctifying of our honest pleasures, there : which is
intimated by this Hymn.*

Sing this as the former Hymn.

TO yeeld us profit with Delights,
 The *Garden* was ordain'd :
To many Pleasures it invites,
 Not ev'ry-where obtain'd.
D And,

And, if we be not well aware,
 How we converse therein,
 The *Serpent*, still, is lurking there,
 To tempt us unto Sin.

2 Within a *Garden*, he began
 His Engines first to lay.
 There, first he brought a Curse on man ;
 There, he did *Christ* betray.
 And, in our *Gardens*, many times,
 (Whilst Pleasure we pursue)
 We are allured to those Crimes,
 Which afterward we rue.

3 LORD, therefore, sanctifie to me,
 The Pleasures of this Place ;
 That they may raise my heart to thee,
 And, minde me of thy Grace.
 Whilst, here I seek Delights to take,
 Let me in thought retain,
 What in a *Garden*, for my sake,
 My *Saviour* did sustain.

4 His *Agony*, and *Bloody-sweat*,
 Shall, then, prevent my pain ;
 His *Grief*, my Pleasure shall beget,
 And, ease for me obtain :
 Of those *Requests* I shall partake,
 By which he sought thy grace.
 And, thou shalt sweet, and harmlesse, make
 The Pleasures of this *Place*.

HYMN

HYMN XXXI.

When we are walking in the *Fields*.

The Fields are oft frequented both for Pleasure and Profit ; and, many times, Idle musings make those things dangerous, which might, els, bring a double Advantage. This Hymn, therefore, offers these profitable Meditations, which become the leisure of that Place.

Sing this as the former Hymn.

THE *Fields*, for prayer, *Isa'ck* chose :
 And, they who trie, shall finde,
 That for *Devotion*, they dispose
 A well-devoted minde.
 The Blessings which we there espie,
 Occasions are of praise :
 The loftie Prospects of the Skie,
 Are helps our Hearts to raise.
 2 When I ô GOD ! behold this *Frame*,
 Which is above me plapt ;
 How richly thou dost deck the same,
 How ordred it thou hast :
 And therewith call to minde, for whom,
 This *Work*, by thee, was wrought ;
 Amaz'd it makes me to become,
 And, thus it moves my thought.
 3 LORD, can it be that thou should rear
 For such poore Wormes as we,

D 2

A

A *Structure*, wherein do appear,
 Such Glories, as I see?
 And that there be, (as I have heard)
 Above that *Spatious-Round*,
 Things, far more excellent, prepar'd,
 Then, here by Sight are found.
 4 If so it be, (as without doubt)
 I do beleave it so;
 Why are my Thoughts employ'd about,
 My vain *Designes* below?
 Why do I Fear? why do I love,
 Or Covet, ought but Thee?
 And hazard things, in heav'n above,
 For those that earthly be?
 5 O! from these Dung-hils, raise my minde,
 And, teach it so to mount,
 That I may best Contentments finde,
 In things of best Account.
 Yea, teach me so to raise my Thought,
 That I may, by Degrees,
 And, in due time, be thither brought,
 Where *Faith* my place foresees.

H Y M N X X X I I.

Before, or at a Feast.

*Feasts are usefull to cheere our mindes, by a plentifull
 enjoying of the Creatures, in a Neighbourly Societie,
 when Times, and good Occasions allow the same.*
And

*And, this Hymn offers to Remembrance some
Cautions, to sanctifie, and keep harmes from such
Refreshings.*

Sing this as the former Hymn.

WHat Plenties (ô thrice gracious LORD!)
Before us, now, appear ?

How hast thou furnish'd out this *Boord*,

For us, thy Servants here ?

Thy *Fruits* are pull'd, Thy *Flocks* are kill'd,

Thy Fowles displum'd we see :

And by thy bountie, over-fill'd ;

Our Bowles and Dishes be.

2 LORD, let this meeting now be blest,

And, what prepar'd thou hast.

In ev'ry morfell of this Feast,

Let us thy sweetnesse tast.

Grant also, lest our health it marr,

That we excesse may shun :

And, let among us, neither Jarr,

Nor discord be begun.

3 Chase all prophane Discourse away ;

Let honest Mirth appear :

Let none of us, an evill say,

Of those that are not here.

But, let each Word, and ev'ry Deed,

That shall be said, or done,

Be meant, true Mirth and love to breed ;

And grieve, or injure none.

4 Yea, let us all, so heed those ends,

For which good *Feasts* are made ;

D 3

That

That, they may keep us loving Friends,
 And make us, wisely, glad.
 And, (being filled) let us cheer,
 The hungry, with supplies :
 So, shall this *Feast*, be (as it were)
 A holy *Sacrifice*.

HYMN XXXIII.

A Hymn after a *Feast*.

We are here remembred to be thankfull for our Refreshments ; to acknowledge G O D's Bountie in giving his Creatures as well for Delight as Necessitie ; and to use his good blessings with Temperance.

Sing this as the former Hymn.

WHEN is it fitter to begin
 The *Sung* intended, now,
 Then when our *Table* spread hath bin
 And *Cups*, did overflow ?
 For, lo ; those things which God prepar'd
 The hearts of men to chear ;
 Have those effects on us declar'd
 For which, ordain'd they were.
 2 Our Wants we now remember not ;
 No Cares oppresse the minde :
 Our Sorrows, all are quite forgot,
 No Feares in us we finde.
 And, if we stay in this Degree
 Of good and sober mirth,

We

We are ô *God!* allow'd by thee,
 These Blessings of the Earth.
3 As well for Pleasure, as for need,
 Thy Creatures are bestow'd ;
As, heretofore, by his own Deed,
 Thy blessed *Son* hath shewn :
For, at a *Wedding*, where each Guest,
 Of wine, had drunk, before ;
It pleas'd him, to enlarge the Feast ;
 And, adde a great deal more.
4 The more thy Bounties we shall see,
 The more we should beware,
That, neither they abus'd be ;
 Nor we unthankfull are.
And, therefore, lest our *Appetites*,
 Our *Judgements* may confound ;
To that, in which our Flesh delights,
 We now impose a Bound.
5 For all *Refreshments* of this Day,
 We praise thy blessed *Name* ;
We honour it, in all we may,
 We Sanctifie the same :
And, that we may depart in peace,
 Of thee we humbly crave
That, what was *done* or *said* amisse,
 This Day, may pardon have.

HYMN XXXIIII.

A Hymn before Meat.

God is praised for furnishing our Table: he is also pray'd that his good Creatures may be received of us to the enabling of us in performing our Christian duties; and that when we are full, we may be mindfull of the Poore.

Sing this as the Magnificat.

FOR spreading LORD, our Table, thus,
 To thee we thankfull are :
 O ! let it not be unto us,
 A mischief, or a Snare.
 But, these thy Creatures bleste thou so
 (Whereon we hope to feed)
 That we our Duties well may do
 And gain the Strength we need.
 2 Let not thy Plenties make us dull,
 Or wantonly inclinde :
 And, LORD, when we ourselves are full,
 The emptie, let us minde.
 Preserve thy Church, protect our King,
 And, all his Kingdoms bleste :
 That, at our Tables, we may sing,
 And, eat our Bread in Peace.

HYMN

HYMN XXXV.

A Hymn after Meat.

*God-Almightie having fed our Bodies ; is here be-
fought to feed our Soules also ; and desired that
whether we Feed or Fast, he may be glorified
thereby.*

Sing this as the former Hymn.

WE praise ô G O D ! we honour Thee,
By whom we now are fed !
And, we acknowledge, that from Thee,
We have our Daily-bread.
As with externall Food, ô L O R D !
Thou fedd'st our *Bodies*, now ;
Ev'n so, thy Blest *Incarnate-word*,
Vpon our *Souls* bestow.
2 And, whilst the *Flesh* her nourishment,
From thy good Creatures takes ;
Let not, into our Souls, be sent,
What, there, a leanneffe makes.
But, whether *want*, or *thrive* we shall,
Or *Fast*, or take our *Food* ;
Vnto thy praise, convert it all :
And all things to our Good.
3 With *Health* and *Plentie*, blesse this place ;
From *Error* keep us free :
And, let thy *Gospel*, and thy *Grace*
Our *Portion* alwayes be.

D 5

Preserve

Preserve thy Church ; protect our King ;
 And all his Kingdoms blesse :
 That, we may at our Table sing,
 And eat our Bread in Peace.

HYMN XXXVI.

When we walke to the Church.

*Such as dwell in the Countrey, a good distance from
 the Church, may shorten the way, by singing, o-
 therwhile, this Hymn, to praise GOD for the
 free libertie of coming to his House ; and to pre-
 pare their mindes for the Place and Service, to-
 ward which they walk.*

Sing this as the 117. Psalm.

How blest are we ! who may reaire
 In peace, and safetie LORD,
 Vnto thy blessed House of Prayre,
 And hear thy holy Word ?
 Such Times, thy SAINTS have lived in,
 That, thus they could not do ;
 Vnlesse, it had with hazard bin ;
 Of Goods, and Freedome too.
 2 Continue, still, through these our Dayes,
 The Grace which, now, thou show'st ;
 And make us mindfull, thee to praise,
 For that, which thou bestow'st.
 Thy Voice so let us hear to Day,
 And so meek hearted be

That

That thou mayst hear us, when we pray,
And, give us Rest in thee.

3 When we into thy *House* do come,
LORD, minde us, evermore,
To leave our Wordly Thoughts, at home,
And, fend our hearts before.

Vnto our Footing, let us all
Take heed, when we come there,
And; on the Pavement, humbly fall
Before thy Face, with Fear.

4 Our Sins, there, let us open lay,
And, there, our State condole ;
Till thou shalt pleased be to say,
Your *Faith* hath made you whole.

In Peace, then fend us back again,
And, give us powre to fee,
That, in thy presence we remain,
Where ere our Bodies be.

H Y M N XXXVII.

When we walk from *Church*.

We are hereby put in Remembrance that we endeavour to become profitable, Hearers, by practising in our lives that which we are taught ; and to beseech God, to enable us thereto.

Sing this as the former Hymn, or as the 4 Ps.

LORD, let the *Words* we heare this day
The Heart so deeply peirce ;
That,

60 *Hymn XXXVIII. Part.1.*

That, in our lives we practise may
 Their meanings to rehearse
 Let not thy holy *Seed*, be found
 Dispers'd abroad in vain ;
 By falling on a *Stony-ground*,
 That yeelds no lasting-gain.
 2 Permit thou not those *Aiery-hopes*,
 Which Ill-suggestions breeds,
 To rob us of celestiaall crops,
 By rav'ning up the feeds :
 Nor, let the *Thornes* of *Worldly Cares*
 So choke them up, we pray,
 That, they produce unfruitfull eares,
 Or wither, quite away.
 3 But, teach us to receive thy *Word*,
 Like such a fruitfull mold,
 As to the *Sower* doth afford,
 Sometime, a hundred fold.
 And, let us none of those become,
 Who formall Hearers are ;
 But seldome practise that, at home,
 Which in the *Church* they hear.

H Y M N X X X V I I I.

When kindred meet together.

*The love of kindred is grown cold ; and many un-
 kindnessees and neglects are among them. Therefore,
 when they visite each other, this Hymn being sung,
 may*

*may remember them, to cherish that Amity which
ought to be between them.*

Sing this as the 133. Psalm.

How happy is it, and how sweet,
When *Kindred* kind appeare!
And, when in *Vnity* we meet,
As we obliged are?
Each blessing, which on *One* doth fall,
Will multiplied be;
And prove a blessing to us *All*,
As long as we agree.
2 As from high Hills, a show'r of Raine
Along the vallies trils;
And, as they vapour up againe
A moystning for those Hills:
So, *Kindred* (whether poore or rich)
If truly kind they prove;
Each other may advantage much,
By interchange of Love.
3 The flendrest Threds together wound,
Will make the strongest Band;
And, smallest Rods, if closely bound,
The *Benders* force withstand.
But, if we those asunder take,
Their strength departs away;
And, what a *Gyant* could not breake;
A little *Infant* may.
So, if in Concord, we abide,
(If true in heart we prove)

We

We may the more be fortifide,
 By interchange of Love.
 Let us, therefore, who now have met,
 Observe this Lesson, so,
 That we do not the fame forget,
 When we apart shall go.
 5 Let none of us delight to tell,
 Or pleasure take to heare,
 Wherein his *kinsman* doth not well ;
 Or, faulty may appeare :
 But, let each of us, our owne Crimes,
 With others Errors weigh ;
 And, seek the fittest means, and Times,
 To mend them what we may.
 6 If Malice injure any One,
 To whom allide we are,
 Let us repute the wrong as done
 To ev'ry Person here.
 Yea, if a Grief, a Lofse, a shame,
 To one of us befall.
 Let us be tender of the fame,
 As grievous to us all.
 7 So, we that are, but linked, yet,
 In *Bands* of common kind ;
 Shall, at the last, be nearer knit,
 By Vertues of the Mind.
 And, when the *Ties* of *carnall-kin*,
 By death, shall be undone ;
 We, that have so allied bin,
 Shall be, for ever, *One*.

HYMN

Therefore, let us endeavour fo,
 That we, by Grace, may be
 More nearly knit, and thereby grow,
 Vnited all to thee.

4 Preserve among us honest Mirth :
 At least, when we shall mourne,
 Make *Sorrow* midwife to the *Birth*,
 At which, true *Joyes* are borne.
 And, of our Meetings, here below,
 If this the last shall prove ;
 Our Conuersation, forme Thou fo,
 That we may meet above.

HYMNE XL.

A Hymn at Seed-time.

Husbandmen *when sowing-time is ended, have (in some places) their seed-Cake, or some other extraordinary Allowance to refresh them in their Labours, and it would not be without profit if they sanctified those Refreshings with this or the like Meditation.*

Sing this as the 4 Psalme, &c.

NO Time, to trifle forth, in wast,
 For us, allow'd hath bin ;
 But, alwaies, when one work is past,
 Another doth begin.
 Each day, a daily labour brings,
 For us to work upon :

And

And ev'ry yeare,hath many things,
That must be yearly done.

2 Affoon as *Harvest* in is borne,
The *Seed-time* doth infue ;

And,they,in order,still,returne,
Our Labour to renewe.

That,with the *Season* doth besit,
We,now/in hope /have sown :

And L O R D ! we unto thee commit,
What we abroad have thrown.

3 When *Isa'ck* tilled in that place,
Where,he a Stranger liv'd ;

A hundred-fold,the profit was
Which he from thee receiv'd.

Then,since it is as easie, L O R D,
As pleasing let it be,

A Benediction to afford
Vpon my Pains and me.

4 To us,a Pow'r thou dost allow
To water and to Plant ;

But,thou a Blessing must bestow,
Or,we our Hope shall want.

Vnto our Labour,therefore adde
The Supplement,it needs ;

Left/(missing that)the Soile be made
A Stepdame,to our Seeds.

5 Command the Earth to wrap them close ;
Let Moisture,Warmth and Aire,

Their vertues into them dispose ;
That,nothing them impaire.

And,

And, when they forth to fight are sprung,
 Them, likewise bleſſe thou ſo,
 That no diſaſters do them wrong ;
 Till they to ripeneſſe grow.
 6 Then grant that we (or they to whom
 Our portion ſhall deſcend)
 May fetch their Crops, with gladneſſe, home ;
 And, them with comfort ſpend.
 Grant, alſo, that the ſeeds of Grace,
 (Sown in our hearts, by Thee)
 Prove not leſſe fruitfull in their place,
 Then Earthly Fruits may be.

HYMN X L I.

When *Harveſt* is come home.

When we have houſed the fruits of the Earth, It becometh us (in ſtead of the rude jollities uſed in ſome places) to praiſe God's mercy for vouchſafing to us the fruit of our Labours, to pray for continuance of his bleſſing both on them ; and on us, in the uſe of them ; In which duties this Hymn aſſiſteth.

Sing this as the former.

SOME, have a *Cuſtome*, when they bring
 The laſt of *Harveſt* home,
 To make the fields with Ecchoes ring,
 And, joyfull to become.

Which

- Which was at first (though chang'd we have,
This Joy, to brutish mirth)
A Triumph to his praise, that gave
The Blessings of the Earth.
- 2 In stead of brutish Clamors, then,
That Custome we renew ;
And (as becometh Christian men)
Our selves would thankfull shew.
For, that which we, in hope have sown ;
And, till'd with costly pain,
We, by *Gods* grace, have Reap'd and Mown ;
With likelihood of gain.
- 3 The dangers of cold Winters blast,
Of Springs offensive hours,
And, of that Summers drouth is past,
Which Corn and grasse devours.
The *Fruits*, for which we delv'd and plough'd,
And, toyled long, with care ;
In Barnes and Stacks, are hous'd and mow'd ;
Of which right glad we are.
- 4 When Winds, & Frosts, & Rains, & Snows,
Make barren Grove and Field ;
When naught on hill, or valley grows,
Which, food for man, doth yeeld :
We, to relieve our wants, have hope,
By thy free Bounty, LORD ;
And, means to raise a future Crop,
By that we up have stor'd.
- 5 As, when thy *Manna* downe did fall,
So be it also now :

Let

Let them, whose gath'rings are but small,
 Confesse they have enow:
 Bleffe thou our Basket, and our Store;
 And, when refresh't we be;
 Let us distribute to the poore,
 The portion due to thee.
 6 But, let us chiefly mind their need,
 Whose Labours were employ'd,
 To *Till*, what *them* and *us* must feed;
 And what is now enjoy'd.
 And, let it more our hearts affect,
 That we are in thy grace;
 Then, great Abundance to collect,
 By *Corne*, or Wine's increase.

HYMNE XLII.

For a Sheep-shearing.

Sheep-shearing, is a Time of rurall Merriment, in which good-cheare is afforded to neighbors and servants; among whose Refreshings, if this or the like Meditation were sometime sung; both Knowledge and Piety, might be increased thereby.

Sing this as the 23. Psalm.

VNworthy, though, ô LORD, we are,
 Of that which thou dost give:
 Yet, we much more unworthy were,
 Of what we do receive:

If

If any Blessing we let slip,
 For which, we do not pay,
 Such cheap *Oblations of the Lip*,
 As we present this day.

2 We, through thy favour now have had
 The Fleeces of our Sheep ;
 And, they are almost naked made,
 Our Bodies warme to keep.
 Before their shearers, dumb they lay,
 Whil'st from their backs were shorne,
 Their finest Wooll ; and we now may
 Possesse what they have worne.

3 Deare LAMBE of *God* to thee be praise,
 Who dost refreshings give,
 So freely, and so many waies,
 Thy Servants to relieve.
 O ! let our thankfulnesse appeare,
 Not in bare *Words* alone ;
 But, in those *Works*, which reall are
 And, needfull to be done :

4 When any of thy *Members* lacks
 A Coat his flesh to gard ;
 Let us bestow, ev'n from our backs,
 As much as may be spar'd.
 And, as our Sheep do skip, as glad,
 When they their Fleeces give ;
 So, let us joy that means we had
 Our Brethren to relieve.

5 Vs, let let their Meeknesse mindfull make,
 (By thinking thereupon)

How

How meekly,thou didst all things take,
 Which,were to Thee,misdone.
 That,all we *suffer,say,or do*,
 May grow,in some Degree,
 Reform'd,by thine Example,fo,
 That Blamelesse we may be.

HYMN XLIII.

A Hymn for a *House-warming*.

The ancient and laudable use of House-warmings is here insinuated: For,in this Hymn, the Friends assembled,are taught to beseech GOD Almighty to make that habitation prosperous and comfortable to them, and theirs who are newly come thither to dwell.

AMong those points of neighbourhood,
 Which our Forefathers did allow;
 That Custome in esteeme hath stood,
 Which we do put in practise now.
 For,when their Friends*new-dwellings* had,
 Them,thus they welcome thither made:
 That,they the sooner might be free,
 From *Strangeness*,where they *Strangers* be.
 2 To this good End,we partly came;
 And,partly,Friendship to augment.
 But,if we faile not in the fame,
 This is the prime of our intent:

We

We come, with holy *Charmes*, to blesse
 The House, our Friends, do now possesse.
 In hope, that G O D, *Amen* will say,
 To that, for which we now shall pray.
 2 L O R D, keep this place, we thee desire,
 To these *new-Commers* ever free
 From raging *Winds*; from harmfull *Fire*;
 From *Waters* that offensive be.

From *gracelesse-Childe*, from *Servants-ill*;
 From *Neighbours*, bearing no good-will;
 And, from the chiefest Plagues of Life,
 A *Husband-false*, a *faithlesse-Wife*.

3 Let neither *Theeves*, that Rove by Night,
 Nor those, that sneake about by Day,
 Have pow'r their persons to affright;
 Or to purloine their Goods away:

Let nothing here, be seene or heard,
 To make by Day or Night afraid:
 No sudden Cryes, no fearfull Noise;
 No vision grim, or dreadfull Voice.

5 Let on this *House*, no Curse remain,
 If any on the same be laid.
 Let no *Imposture* pow'r obtain
 To make the meanest wit afraid.

Let here nor *Zim*, nor *Jim* be seene;
 The fabled *Fai'rie* King or Queen;
 Nor such Delusions, as are said,
 To make the former Age afraid.

6 Keep, also, Lord, we pray, from hence,
 (As much as frailty will allow)

The

The Guiltineſſe of each Offence,
Which to a *Crying-Sin* may grow.

Let, no more *Want, Wealth, Hope, or Feare,*
Nor greater Grievs or Joyes be here,
Then, may ſtill keep them in thy grace,
Who, ſhall be dwellers, in this place.
7 But, that juſt meaſure let them have
Of ev'ry means, which may acquire
The Bleſſedneſſe, which they moſt crave,
Who to the trueſt Bliffe aſpire.

And if *Well-wiſhers* abſent be,
Who better with them can, then we,
'To make this *Bleſſing* up intire,
We thereto adde what they deſire.

HYMNE XLIIII.

For a Contract.

This Hymn is tendred to thoſe who purpoſe a Contract of Marriage; in hope it may ſo remember them, to conſider what they intend; that it ſhall keep them from proceeding farther then they lawfull may; and from profeſſing more then they mean.

Sing this as Te Deum.

LORD, in thy *Name*, and in thy Feare,
Our Faith we plighted have;
And, that our meanings are ſincere,
Thy witneſſe, now, we crave.

We

We come not, only to repeat
 Our *Vowes*, before thy face ;
 But, that we may likewise intreat
 Thy Favour, and thy Grace.
 2 For, mutuall helpers whil'ſt we live,
 (According to our might)
 Our ſelves, we to each other give,
 So far, as we have right.
 And, we profeſſe that free we are,
 (For ought that we do know)
 To be each others wedded Peer,
 If thou permit it ſo.
 3 We ſee no contradicting cauſe,
 But, that we may be join'd,
 Without infringing of the Laws,
 Whereby we are confin'd.
 Nor any ſuch Infirmity
 In us do we ſuſpect,
 As that our Marriage-Band, thereby,
 Shall prove of no effect.
 4 We have no guilefull Dealings us'd,
 Our purpoſe to acquire :
 Nor one anothers Truſt abus'd,
 To gaine what we deſire.
 But, our Affections are ſincere,
 And, as they have been true,
 Vpright thoſe Courſes likewise are,
 By which, we them purſue.
 5 If both have, now, *ô L O R D !* profeſt
 What may not be denide ;

E

Let

Let our Affection so be blest,
 That, nothing us divide.
 Let nor by Beauty, Wit or Wealth,
 By high, or low Degree,
 By want of Riches, or of Health,
 Our Hearts estranged be.
 6 But if that either of us, now,
 Hath trod a Faithlesse Way;
 Or, shall infringe this holy Vow,
 Before our Wedding-day;
 LORD, let the party Innocent,
 From blame and guilt be free:
 For, *Truth* a Contract, never ment,
 Where, nought but Falshoods be.

HYMN XLV.

For a Marriage.

GOD is hereby besought to blesse the Marriage solemnized to all there present; and so to prosper the Bridegroom, and Bride, in their Desires and Affections, that the Waters of their Carnall Contentment, may be turned into Wine of spiritual Delights.

Sing this as the former Hymn.

TO grace (ô Lord) a marriage-Feast,
 (In *Cana*, long ago)
 It pleased thee to be a Guest,
 And there, thy pow'r to shew.

For,

For, by a Miracle divine,
 (When they their Wine had spent)
Thou changedst *Water* into *Wine*,
 Which did their want prevent.
2 LORD, let the brightnesse of thy Face
 Among us now appeare :
So let the Bounties of thy Grace,
 Be manifested here ;
That neither *Bridegroome*, *Bride*, nor *Guest*,
 In body, or in mind,
Of lesse content may be possest,
 Then they have hope to find.
3 All Joyes which in a married-life,
 Well-matched Couples know.
On this new-wedded *Man* and *Wife*,
 Vouchsafe thou to bestow.
Fulfill their Hopes, prevent their Feares,
 Grant them their just Desires :
Increase that Love, which keeps off Cares,
 And warms with lawfull Fires.
4 To *Wine*, those hurtlesse *Waters* turn,
 Within their Vessels be ;
To give them Comfort when they mourn ;
 And make them glad in thee.
And though the pleasures of their Love,
 Have yet a pleasing tast ;
Yet, let them daily sweeter prove,
 And best of all, at last.

HYMN XLVI.

When a Woman hath conceived.

We are all conceived in sinne : yet some have been sanctified in the wombe. Therefore, we cannot begin too early, to pray for the sanctification of the fruit of our Bodies ; and that it may be borne to Gods glory, to our comfort, and to a happy being in it selfe : which is desired in this Hymn.

Sing this as the 10. Commandements.

LORD, if the Signes may trusted be,
That Symptomes of Conception are ;
A living-Soul deriv'd from thee,
Within my wombe, I now do bear.

Therefore (by her example, taught
Who was the *Mother* of thy *Son*
It well befeeming me I thought,
To magnifie what thou hast done.

2 If so it be, as I beleieve ;
LORD, sanctify, I humbly pray,
That, which in sin I did conceive :
And, grant that grace obtain it may.
Let not the *Part* which thou hast made,
Subjected to pollution grow,
By what it from the Parents had :
But let it keep the flesh below.

3 In

3 In ev'ry *Sense*, in ev'ry *Part*,
Perfection to this Creature give ;
And, sow those graces in the heart,
By which the *Soul* doth truly live.

Whil'st I shall bear it in my wombe,
Let me likewise, my part fulfill :
And, when it forth to light shall come,
Instruēt it how to do thy *Will*.

4 O ! let me not a *Mother* be,
To fructifie for *Hell* and *Sin* ;
But, let my *Fruit* be born to Thee,
In whom *Well-beings* do begin.

So, whether it shall be design'd
Short time, or long, on Earth to stay ;
A happy portion it shall finde,
And give thee all the praise, it may.

Hymn XLVII.

When a Woman is safe delivered.

God is hereby praised for that Miracle in our Nature, which is wrought when a Woman is delivered safely of her Childe ; and the Continuance of his Mercy is desired in vouchsafing the New-birth of Grace, to perfect and felicitate the life of Nature.

Sing this as the former Hymn.

E 3 Among

A Mong those wonders here on Earth,
Which brought to passe, by Nature be,
(If rightly, we observe our birth)
In this, her greatest marvels be.

Yea, they who fully can conceive,
What passe into this World we have,
May find it easie to beleeve

The Bodies, rising from the Grave.

2 A breathlesse Life, a *Living-Tombe*,
Within our Mothers wombe we had.
Through Gates of *Death*, to *Life* we come,
And, *Strength*, is out of *Weaknesse* make.

She who in bitter Pangs remains,
Disheartned is when they do cease ;
And they who most bewaile her pains,
Desirous are they should increase.

3 Of this thy great Mysterious worke,
Experienced, this Day, are we :
And, will confesse, that therein lurke
More secrets, then our eies can see.

But this, ô LORD ! we see and know :
It was thy Mercy, and thy Pow'r,
Which did the timely Ayd bestow,
That help us, in the hoped hou'r.

4 To thee be praise, that now are past
The pangs which made us lately sad :
To thee be praise, that sent thou hast,
These Comforts, which now make us glad.

LORD, perfect thou the Grace begun.
Give *Strength*, where *Weaknesse* yet is found :
And,

And, let the Race this *Babe* shall run,
With Everlasting Life, be crown'd.

5 The Life of *Nature* he hath had :

But, let it be *new-borne* again ;

The *Life of Grace*, to *Nature* adde,

And, make him, in that state remain.

So/ whether, here, an Age he stay,

Or, whether Thou translate him, from

This Life, within a shorter day)

In CHRIST, he perfect shall become.

H Y M N XLVIII.

When a Childe is baptized.

G O D, is here praised for the great Priviledges
vouchsafed by Baptisme : He is prayed also, to en-
able the Childe Baptized to Do and Beleeve, ac-
cording to the Conditions of the Covenant made ;
And he is likewise acknowledged the Author and
Finisher of every Holy-Desire, and laudable Per-
formance.

Dear GOD ! how great, how large a Grace,
Vnto that Soul, this Day, is done,
Who, in thy Church, admitted was,
To be a *Member* of thy Son ?
For, he which was the Childe of wrath,
And borne to nothing, but Despaire ;
The Comforts of thy Favour hath,
And of thy *Kingdome*, is an Heire.

E 4

2 Of

2 Of that great *City*, where no Sum,
 A Freedom for him, could have bought,
 To be admitted, he is come;
 And, by meer favour thereto brought.

Of CHRIST's most holy Order, now,
 The faire, and famous Badge he beares;
 Which will right happy make him grow,
 If to the Grave, the same he weares.

3 LORD, blessed be thy *holy-Name*,
 That thou this Mercy hast bestown:
 We praise, and love thee for the same,
 As if the good were all our own.

In this estate, preserve him fast,
 Vntill he fully understands
 The *Covenant*, betwixt you past,
 Thy *Promises*, and thy *Commands*.

4 Then, also, leave him not, O LORD!
 But grant him thy *Affisting-might*
 Thy loving-presence, and thy *Word*,
 With ev'ry means to keep him right.

To make his *Happineffe* intire,
 Be pleased to vouchsafe him too,
 A Renovation in Desire;
 And, chearfulnesse thy will, to do.

H Y M N

HYMN XLIX.

When publike Thanks hath been given for safe
deliverance in Child-birth.

*Though Thanksgivings are publickly exhibited for
such Deliverances; yet, the same ought to be pri-
vately acknowledged also: and, perhaps, there may
be some private Deliverances accompanying the
former, which ought to be considered, as this Hymn
implies.*

Sing this as the 101 Psalm.

Although, my G O D ! that Sacrifice,
I tendred have to Thee,
Which to be made in publike wife,
This *Church* enjoins to me.
Yet, if in secret, I forget
My private Thanks to Day,
A Duty (doubtleffe) I omit,
Which I am bound to pay.
2 Besides, the Mercies lately shewn,
(And which confest have been)
Thou, Favours hast on me bestown,
Which others have not seen.
From *Sins* within my heart conceiv'd,
May greater mischiefs come,
Then can be, otherwise, deriv'd,
From any Childing-wombe.
3 L O R D, therefore, by my Selfe alone,
To thee I now repaire,
E 3 Thy

Thy holy-Name, to call upon,
 In *Praises*, and in *Pray'r*.
 I praise thee, that escap'd I have
 The Danger, lately past ;
 And, that my Body from the Grave,
 Thou, yet, preserved hast.
 4 I praise thee, that my Tongue I find
 Now founding of thy praise :
 And pray thee, that my heart may mind
 This Duty, all my Daies.
 I pray thee too, that from all Sin,
 I may be purifide ;
 A stricter Course of Life begin ;
 And, in thy Fear abide.

HYMN L.

A Rocking Hymn.

Nurses usually sing their Children asleep ; and through want of pertinent matter, they oft make use of unprofitable (if not worse) Songs. This was therefore prepared, that it might help acquaint them, and their Nurfe-Children, with the loving Care and Kindnesse of their heavenly Father.

Sweet Baby sleep : what ailes my Dear ?
 What ailes my *Darling* thus to cry ?
 Be still, my Childe, and lend thine ear,
 To heare me sing thy *Lullaby*.

My

My pretty lambe forbear to weepe :

Be still my Dear ; sweet Babie sleep.

2 Thou blessed *Soul*, what canst thou fear ?

What thing, to thee, can mischief do ?

Thy *G O D*, is now thy *Father* dear ;

His holy *Spouse*, thy *Mother* too.

Sweet Babe then, forbear to weepe ;

Be still my Babe ; sweet Babie sleep.

3 Though thy Conception was in Sin,

A sacred Bathing thou hast had.

And, though thy Birth, unclean hath bin,

An blamelesse Babe, thou now art made.

Sweet Babie then, forbear to weep ;

Be still my Dear ; sweet Babie sleep.

4 Whil'st thus, thy *Lullabie*, I sing,

For thee, great Blessings ripening be.

Thine Eldest Brother is a King ;

And hath a Kingdome bought for thee.

Sweet Babie then, forbear to weep ;

Be still my Babe ; sweet Babie sleep.

5 Sweet *Babie* sleep ; and nothing fear ;

For, whosoever thee offends,

By thy *Protector* threatned are,

And *G O D*, and *Angels* are thy Friends.

Sweet Babie then, forbear to weep ;

Be still my Babe ; sweet Babie sleep.

6 When *God-with-us*, was dwelling here,

In little *Babes*, he took delight.

Such *Innocents*, as Thou, my Dear !

Are ever precious in his sight.

Sweet

*Sweet Babe, then forbear to weep ;
Be still my Babe ; sweet Babe sleep.*

7 A little Infant, once was *Hee* :
And *Strength*, in *Weaknesse*, then was laid
Vpon his *Virgin-Mothers* knee ;
That, Pow'r to thee, might be conuai'd.

*Sweet Babe, then, forbear to weep ;
Be still my Babe ; sweet Babe sleep.*

8 In this thy frailty, and thy need,
He friends and helpers doth prepare,
Which thee shall cherish, clothe, and feed:
For, of thy weal, they tender are.

*Sweet Babe, then, forbear to weep :
Be still my Babe ; sweet Babe sleep.*

9 The King of Kings when he was born,
Had not so much for outward ease :
By *Him*, such Dressings were not worn ;
Nor such like swadling-clothes as these.

*Sweet Babe, then, forbear to weep ;
Be still my Babe ; sweet Babe sleep.*

10 Within a Manger lodg'd thy LORD,
Where Oxen lay, and Asses fed.
Warm rooms we do to thee afford,
An easie Cradle, or a Bed.

*Sweet Babe, then forbear to weep ;
Be still my Babe ; sweet Babe sleep.*

11 The wants that he did then sustain,
Have purchas'd Wealth, my Babe, for thee :
And, by his Torments, and his pain,
Thy Rest and Ease, secured be.

My

My Babe, then, forbear to weep ;

Be still my Babe ; sweet Babe sleep.

12 Thou hast (yet more) to perfect this,

A promise and an earnest got,

Of gaining everlasting Blisse,

Though thou my Babe perceiv'st it not.

Sweet Babe, then, forbear to weep ;

Be still my Babe ; sweet Babe sleep.

H Y M N L I.

Another Rocking Hymn.

*The Nurse is here taught a forme of Blessing,
whereby (she may by faithfully singing, or saying the
same) call downe Gods Benediction, both upon her
selfe, and her Infant, to the prevention of temporall
and spirituall mischiefs.*

Sing this as Te Deum, or the 1 Psalme.

S Ince now, my Babe, of sleep possessest,
His lovely eies hath clos'd ;

To praise the Author of his rest,

My heart is well-dispos'd :

And, to implore, that G O D, who makes

My Darling, thus to sleep ;

Would present be, when he awakes,

And, him in sleeping keep,

2 Thou, praides from an Infants tongue,

Disdainest not to hear :

Reject

Reject not then, my *Blessing-Song* ;
 But, LORD, decline thine ear.
 For, though a single voice I raise,
 My *Offerings*, triple be.
 My *Self*, my *Babe*, and my *praise*,
 I offer up to Thee.
 3 Dear *Son of GOD* ! who thoughtst no scorn,
 (To leave thy Throne on high)
 Of lowly parents to be born,
 And, in a Crib to lie :
 On this my *Babe*, thy Grace reflect ;
 Infold him in thine Armes.
 From outward perils, him protect,
 And from internall Harmes.
 4 Let not that Feind which ev'ry howre,
 Doth watch and hover here,
 To mischief us, obtain the Powre ;
 Or cause my Childe to fear.
 But, let an *Angell-guard* be nigh,
 To put that Foe to flight :
 And, round about his cradle flye,
 To keep him from despight.
 5 As *Time*, his Body shall increase,
 Increase his knowledge too ;
 And cause him, ev'ry day in grace
 With GOD, and Man, to grow.
 Preserve him streight in ev'ry Limbe,
 And sound in ev'ry Sense :
 Yea, all his life time, keep thou him,
 From ev'ry grosse offence.

6 To

6 To thee, let him be alwayes true,
 And, ever kinde to those,
 Who kindnesse to him do shew
 Er'e Good, or Ill, he knows.
 And, let not, (for thy passion sake)
 This Babie (now, so dear)
 Those vaine, or evill Courtes take,
 Whose end, we justly fear.
 7 O let not him, whose meanest pain,
 We can with tears deplore,
 Be one of those, who shall remain
 In torments, evermore.
 But, so to live, and so to die,
 Vouchsafe him grace, ô G O D !
 That, he may rise to live on high,
 Where thou hast thine abode.

H Y M N L I I.

When we receive the *Lords Supper*.

*God, is hereby magnified for the great honour, and
 favour vouchsafed, by the blessed Sacrament of his
 Body and Blood; and humbly desired thereby to
 conferre and continue to us his especiall Grace.*

Sing this as the 148. Psalm.

O V R Voice how should we raise !
 How should our *Songs* excell !
 If *God-Almighties* praise
 Our Tongues could fully tell ?

Sure,

Sure, whilst we sing,
The Starry-Round, of that glad found,
Would loudly ring.

2 That, at thy princely *Boord*,
This Day we feasted be,
How great a favour, LORD?
Have we obtain'd from thee?

And who is able
Himself to make fit to partake
Of this thy Table?

3 We, whom thy Bountie Feasts,
(And, who now sing thy praise)
Were called to be Guests,
From hedges and high-ways:

And, till we came
To taste this cheer, we wretched were,
Poore, blind, and Lame.

4 But, from our low estates,
Now, so advanc'd are we,
That, *Princes* are our *Mates*,
And, *Kings* our *Fellows* be,
One *Cup* we have,
And, *Angels* eat no better meat,
Then we receive.

5 Perfection of Delights,
Is by this Feast bestown.
With *Him*, that us invites
The *Food*, and *Guests* are *One*:
Faith works it thus,

That, thereby, we are found in Thee;
And thou in us. 6 And,

6 And, though our Natures are
Vnequall and distinct ;
By true beleaving, here,
They really are linkt.

And, while we bide
In Faith, and Love, nought can remove,
Or, us divide.

7 Yea, such our *Union* is
That, all our *Sins* are thine ;
And, ours, thy *Righteousnesse*
Is made by grace divine.

Yet, from all stains
(Through our Offence) thine *Excellence*
Still, free remains.

8 LORD, for this love to Man,
Pow'r, glory, praise, and Fame,
(As fully, as we can)
Ascribe we to thy Name.

And, we emlore,
That, this rich Grace, we may embrace
For evermore.

HYMN LIII.

Another *Hymn* for the *Lords Supper*.

GODS unspeakable Favour vouchsafed in the
Sacrament of the Body and Blood of CHRIST,
is acknowledged: The unexpressiblenesse of that
Mysterious Communion is confessed; and those
blessed

blessed effects are hereby desired, also which ought to be endeavoured for, by every worthy partaker of the same.

Sing this as the Magnificat, or Te Deum.

THE Favour LORD, which by thy grace,

We have this day possesse,
Doth our best merits, far surpass;
And, cannot be exprest.

Because we not alone obtain
A *common-grace* from thee;
But, thou thy *Self* dost, also, daign
Our food of Life, to be.

2 For which, we nothing have to give,
Whereof, thou dost approve
So much, as when we do receive
Thy kindnesse with love.

Therefore, ô LORD! we, now do make
This Offering for the same:

The Cup of Saving health we take;
And, Magnifie thy NAME.

3 O! teach us to receive aright,
What thou dost here, bestow.

And, give us an *Informing-light*
Of what we ought to know.

And, when we cannot wade the Deep
Of thy unfathom'd *Word*;

Let us a Course, with safetie keep,
Along the shallow *Foord*.

4 This *Mysterie* we must confesse,
Our Compasse to exceed;

Our

Our little *Faith*, is also lesse
 Then grains of Mustard-seed
 Therefore, ô LORD ! improve it so,
 That, growth it may receive :
 And, that we modestly may *know* ;
 And knowingly Beleeve.
 5 Forgive to us our many crimes,
 Offensive unto thee.
 Vouchsafe we may in future times
 More just, more pious be.
 Vs, render gracious in thy Sight ;
 And, that, which now we do ;
 That, thou maist therein take Delight,
 And, we have love thereto.
 6 No new *Oblation*, we devise
 For Sin, preferr'd to be.

Propitiatorie-Sacrifice

Was made, at full, by thee.
 The Sacrifice of *Thanks*, is that
 (And all) which thou dost crave :
 And, we our selves, are part, of what
 We Sacrificed have.
 7 In this, no grosse *Realities*,
 We carnally conceive ;
 Or, that their proper Qualities,
 The *Bread*, or *Wine* do leave.
 But, in this holy Eucharist,
 (By Faith and Grace divine)
 We know, we feed on thee, ô *Christ* !
 Receiving *Bread* and *Wine*.

8 Thy

8 Thy *Real-presence*, we avow :

But, so ; that, we confesse

Meere carnall-reason knows not how

That *Presence* to expresse :

Because, thy *Flesh* we feed on, thus ;

(Though strange it may appear)

That, we in *Thee* ; and thou in *Vs* ;

At *once*, and *truly*, are.

9 No marvell few can well agree,

How this, they should unfold :

For, *Mysteries*, *Faiths* objects be ;

Not things at Pleasure told.

And, he that would, by Reason, found

The Depths, which *Faith* perceives,

May both himself, and those, confound ;

To whom, his Rules he Gives.

10 Let us, therefore, our *Faith* erect,

On what thy *Word* doth say ;

And, hold their knowledge in suspect,

Who new Foundations lay.

For, thereby some a cursed Rent

Within thy Church have left ;

And, by thy Peacefull Sacrament,

The world of peace bereft,

11 Yea that, which thou to cherish Love,

Didst graciously ordain :

Contention wrests, debates to move ;

And Quarrels to maintain.

Oh ! let us not hereafter so,

About meere words contend ;

The

The while our craftie Common Foe,
Procures his curfed end.
But, if in Effence, we agree,
Let us, in Love affay
To erring Souls, true *Guids* to be,
And to the weake, a *Slay*.
For, Love is that strong Cyment, LORD,
Which us muft reunite.
In bitter speeches, Fire, and Sword ;
It never takes delight.
13 Meere carnall Instruments, thefe are ;
And, they are much beguild ;
Who dreame that thefe ordained were,
Our Breaches to rebuild.
Therefore, we pray thee, by that *love*
Which us together brought,
That thou all Christian-men wouldst move
To love, as *Christians* ought.
14 Let not *Self-will* our hearts bewitch
With pride, or private hate ;
Or cherifh thofe Contentions, which
Disturbe a quiet State.
Nor fuffer Avaritious ends,
Or ignorant defpight,
To hinder thofe from being Friends,
Whom *Love* fhould faft unite.
15 Let thofe, who (heedleffe of thy word)
Suppofe, that *Flefhly-powre*,
Or, that the *temporary Sword*,
Can ghofly Foes devour :

Let

Let them perceive, thy weapons are,
 No such as they do fain ;
 Or, that it is a carnall warre,
 Which must thy *Truth* maintain.
 16 *Confessors, Martyrs, Preachers, L O R D,*
 Thy *Battailes*, fight for thee.
 Thy *Holy-Spirit*, and thy *Word*,
 Their proper weapons be.
Faith, Hope, Long-suffering, Praise, and Love,
 For Bulworks are prepar'd ;
 And, will their fittest *Engines* prove,
 To *Conquer*, and to *Guard*.
 17 For, *Babel*, doubtlesse, may as well
 Thereby, be overthrown,
 As those accursed walls, which fell
 When *Rams-horne-Trumps* were blown.
 This, if we credit ; we shall cease
 The worldlings parts to play,
 Or, to beleieve G O D S blessed peace,
 Shall come the *Devils* way.
 18 L O R D, let thy *Flesh and Blood* divine
 (Which now receiv'd hath bin)
 Our hearts, to Charitie incline :
 Our Souls refine from Sin.
 And by this holy *Sacrament*
 Make us in minde retain,
 What thou didst suffer, to prevent
 Our everlasting-pain.
 19 Moreover, let us for thy sake,
 With one another bear,

(When

(When we offences give or take)
That, thine we may appear.
And, that, when hence we called be,
We thither, may ascend.
(To live, and be belov'd, of thee)
Where *Love*, nor *Life*, have end.

H Y M N L I I I I.

For Deliverance from Sickneſſe.

*God is hereby praised for delivering us from thoſe
Diſtempers which deprived us of health ; he is be-
ſought alſo , to give us grace to employ our future
health to his glory, and to the health of our Souls.*

Sing this as the 4 Pſalme.

VVHilſt we endeavour to obay
Our bleſſed *Makers* will ;
All Creatures do the beſt they may,
Our pleaſures to fulfill :
But, when we negligent become,
In doing what we ought,
All things to us are troubleſome,
And, bring our hopes, to nought.
2 Ev'n that, which is a part of man,
(Or, in his Bowels bred)
Makes inſurrections, now and than,
Which wound, or ſtrike him dead.
Within my Self, experiment
Of this, I lately found ;

For,

For, *inbred humours*, had nigh sent
 My Body, to the ground.
 3 But *Droughth*, and *Moisture*, *Heat* and *Cold*,
 Now reconciled be ;
 And, such an equall Temper hold,
 As, health restores, to me.
 My fainting *Spirits* be releev'd ;
 My Taſt regain'd I have :
 My weakned Body is repreev'd,
 And, ranſom'd from the grave.
 4 For which, a Sacrifice of praife
 To thee, ô G O D ! I bring ;
 And unto thee, my voice I raiſe,
 A thankfull *Hymn*, to ſing :
 Confeſſing, that by thee, ô L O R D !
 And by thy grace, alone,
 The health and vigour is reſtor'd,
 Which I have now put on.
 5 So long as here, I do enjoy
 The *Being*, I have got,
 Let me, my Health and Strength employ,
 Thine honour, to promote :
 And, when my *Life* hath reach'd that houre,
 Paſt which, I muſt not ſtay,
 Through *weakneſſe*, bring me to that *powre*,
 Which, never will decay.

H Y M N

HYMN L V.

A thanksgiving, for *settled Health*.

It is a great temporall Benefit, to be delivered from Sicknesse, but, it is a greater (if we be not unthankfull) to have a continued Health, yet few men remember to praise God, particularly, for the same. Therefore, to put us in minde of that Dutie this Hymn is tendred.

Sing this as the 22. Psalme.

IN times of *Want*, we feele what blisse,
 Our yeers of *Plentie* be.
 When *War* doth rage ; the sweets of *Peace*,
 The meanest wit can see.
 And, when with *Sicknesse* we are pain'd
 We know it just, O LORD !
 To render Praise and Thanks unfain'd ;
 When *Health* shall be restor'd.
 2 Sure then, the many healthfull Daies,
 And yeers, which I have had,
 Deserve, that heartie *Songs of Praise*,
 Should for the same be made :
 And, that whilst health and Strength do last,
 I should the same employ
 To memorize the Mercies past,
 And those which I enjoy.
 3 Whilst others grone with *aking bones*
 With *wounds*, or *inward pains* ;
 F With

VVith *Gouts*, or those Tormenting *Stones*
VVhich fret and rend the *Reines* :

Yea, while ten thousands feele the smart,
VVhich on the Sick doth cease :

In *Head*, in *Body*, and in *Heart*,
I am at perfect ease.

4 LORD! ever bleſſed be thy *name*
For this externall-Grace.

Preserve me thankfull for the same,
Whilst thou prolongst my Race.

And, if to my immortall Blisse,
It shall not hindrance be ;

(Nor thou thereby, due Glory misse)
Thus healthfull, keepe thou me.

5 But, if my Patience must be tride,
By Sickneffe, and by Pain;

Let *Sin*, thereby be mortifide ;
And, *Vertue* strength obtain.

Be pleas'd, likewise, that whatsoere
Thy Wifdome shall impofe,
It be no more then I can bear ;
Though ftrong, and fharp it grows.

H Y M N L V I.

A Hymn putting us in remembrance
of *Death*.

The Remembrance of Death, is judged a good means to make us heedfull so to live in this world,

*that we may live happily in the world to come;
and to that purpose this Memento mori, is pro-
vided.*

Remember Death: For, now my Tongue
To sing of Death, shall tuned be.
Remember Death, which els, ere long,
Will to thy pain remember Thee.

Remember Death, whose voice doth say,
This night a man, to morrow day.

2 If *Lucre* shall thy heart intife,
Thy needy neighbour to oppresse:
If *Pride* shall tempt thee to despise,
Or sleight thy Brother in distresse.

Remember Death: And, then, I know
More Just, more humble thou wilt grow.

3 When *Lust* shall woo thee to commit,
What, Soul and Body may defile:
VVhen *Sloth* shall make thee lazie sit,
(And let thy Talent rust the while)

Remember Death, of old hath bin
And is, the wages due to Sin.

4 VVhen *Envie* shall thy heart possesse;
VVhen thou shalt *Cheat, curse, sweare, or lye*,
VVhen thou shalt wallow in *Excesse*;
Thy *Faith* abuse, or *God* deny:

Remember Death, and what attends,
On wilfull Sinners latter-ends.

5 Remember, *Death* no truce hath made,
A yeer, a moneth, or weeke to slay.

F 2 Remem-

Remember, how thy Flesh doth fade,
And, how thy Time doth steal away.

Remember, Death, will neither spare
Wit, *Wealth*, nor those that lovely are.
6 Remember, *Death* foregoes the *Doomes*
Which due to thy Deservings be.
Remember *this*, before it comes.
And, (that, *Despaire* oppresse not thee.)
Remembring *Death*, remember *Him* ;
Who doth from *Death*, and *Hell*, redeeme.

HYMN L VII.

A Hymn of *Life eternall*.

*That we may not be deluded by the vain pleasures, or
discouraged by the afflictions of this life; The excel-
lencies of Life-eternall are here illustrated, and the
Desireablenesse thereof is in some degree expressed
by this Hymn.*

Sing this as In sad and Ashy weeds.

WHY live I mudling here,
In base and fruitlesse works employ'd?
As if I knew not where
A better *Life* might be enjoy'd?
Since I have fought
And have been taught,
The noblest things to know ;
Why should I still,
Retain a Will,
To spend more time below ?

2 My

2 My Soul, that was not made,
Of flitting Aire, or mouldring clay;
Intelligence hath had,
Of more, then words can well display.

The things we see,
The shaddows be,
Of those, which will appear:
Are nothing els
But *Types* and *Shells*,
Which *Time* away will weare.

3 There is a blessed-*Place*,
(If *Place*, eternall things contain)
Whereto, I hope to passe,
When here I must no more remain.

There is a *Life*,
In which no grieffe,
No pain, no Fear, is found;
And (more then this)
It yeelds that *Blisse*,
Which doth admit no Bound.

4 My Hope, and my Belief
That of this *Life* I shall partake,
Cures all my present Grief,
And, of my Pains, doth pleasures make.

The thought of it,
Makes me remit
The Spights of those *poore-things*,
Who Dominere
On mole-hils, here
Like foolish *Pettie-kings*.

F 3

5 When

5 VWhen, thither I am gone,
 The Love of *Worldlings*, or their Hate,
 VWill not be thought upon ;
 Nor marr, nor better my estate.

To misse, or have,
 What most men crave,
 (Who love this lothed Place,)
 Will, there, to me
 No Pleasure be ;

No Honour, or Disgrace.
 6 That *Life*, who ever lives,
 Not only, blessed therein, is.
 But, thereby, also, gives
 Perfection to the *Common-blisse*.

It, open sets
 The Cabanets
 VWherein contained be
 Those Rarities,
 Which mortall eies,
 Shall never come to see.

7 In *One*, to sum up all,
 Which of that life, we may declare ;
Him, there, behold we shall,
In, and *By* whom, all Creatures are :

And, not alone,
 Then, look upon
 That, most-beloved Sight :
 But, gain by Grace,
 His free embrace ;
 With fulnesse, of Delight.

8 Oh !

8 Oh! thither; thither, LORD!
 And to this *Life*, my Soul convey;
 From this, which is abhord,
 And, unto *Death*, a tedious way.
 I have gone wrong,
 From thee, too long;
 For which I grieved am:
 And, I shall mourn,
 Till I return,
 To thee from whom I came.

H Y M N L V I I I.

A *Thanksgiving* after a dangerous Sickneſſe; by
 one, who was unprepared for *Death*.

*This Hymn ſerves to bring to minde, how terrible
 Death will be to thoſe who are not ready for it;
 and perſonates, by exemplary expreſſions of Fear
 and Thankfulneſſe, what may be the condition of
 others, who live unprepared; and how thankfull
 they ought to be for mercy obtained.*

L O R D! from *Death's* forgetfull ſhade,
 Since I had
 By thy pow'r, my preſervation;
 I will both with Heart and Tongue,
 Tune a Song,
 To thy mercies, exaltation.
 For, to Thankfulneſſe inclinde,
 So I minde

F 4

From

From what Sorrows, I was raised ;
That, thy Favour, shall of me,

Ever be

With my chiefeft cunning, praifed.

2 And, my *Fellow-creatures, all,*

When you shall

Heare what grace, to me, he fheweth;

Daign, your Thankfulneffe, to joyn,

Vnto mine,

To difcharge the dues it oweth.

And, ô L O R D ! enable mee

Vnto Thee

So to render *praises-giving* ;

That, all may, who heare the fame

Bleffe thy name,

That I breath'd among the living.

3 For, (as yet) me thinks, I fee

Life in mee,

In Her powrs and Senfes failing :

And my shortned-panting Breath,

Yeelding *Death,*

All the Symptoms of prevailing.

But, for Death, not well prepared,

So I fared,

That, much terrour I fustained :

And, *Vain-longings* having, fill,

Thral'd my *Will* ;

Thus, I fearefully complained.

4 VWhere is now ; where is, alas ?

Time, that was ?

VWhere

VWhere are all those hopes bestowed;
And those pleasing Dayes, wherein,

I have bin
Youths beguiling Pleasure shewed?
Must I / must I, now (thought I)

Helpelesse Die?
And, be carelesse left, to morrow;
In a dark, and lonely grave?

VWhere none have
Sense of Comfort, Joy, or Sorrow?

5 VWill no mortall *Wit*, or *Powre*,
From this Howre,
My despairing Soul, release?

But must ev'ry earthly Thought,
Come to nought,

And my Hopes for ever cease?
Shall I never / never-more,
(As before)

View the *Daies* approching Glory?
But, must this black *Night*, nigh past,
Be my last?

And conclude my mortall-Story?
6 Such, my foolish fancies were,

As you hear;
And, thus fruitlesly I mourned.
But, at last (by Terrors taught)

Him I fought,
Whose *free Grace* my Death adjourned.
LORD! said I, observe the grones,

Hear the moanes,

F 5

Of

Of a Soul in depth of anguish :

And, my humble suit allow,

Lest I, now,

In an endlesse terror languish.

7 Sins, I have, which numberlesse

Me oppresse.

And, so strongly overlay me :

That, if yet I should appear,

Much I fear

Down to Hell, their weight might weigh me.

And, Alas ! can trembling Dust,

So unjust,

Stand before the Lord of Thunder ?

Whilst that Guiltinesse abides,

Which divides,

Me, and Comforts, far asunder ?

8 LORD ! I dare not to appear,

Till I hear

That I am to favour taken.

Therefore, thy sad Servant, now,

Comfort Thou,

Whom all Comfort hath forsaken.

Let not thy Compassion, be

Lesse to me,

Then my Foes despight hath proved.

But, oh ! let my Fear, and Pain,

Once again,

Be abated, and removed.

9 *Iesu*, for thy passion-sake,

Daigne to take,

From

From my heart all vain Affections ;
 That, my naturall estate
 I may hate
 And delight in thy perfections.
 Spare ; ô blest *Redeemer*, spare !
 Let my *Fear*
 To so firm a *Faith* be turned,
 That it may true Joyes beget ;
 And, oh / let
Death be, till that houre, adjourned.
 10 LORD ! if this, for which I pray,
 Gain I may ;
 (If to health I may be raised)
 Of thy Love, my Song shall be :
 Thou, of me,
 Shalt, for evermore, be praised.
 In deep sighs (that spake aloud)
 Thus I vow'd ;
 With a heart, at large distressed ;
 And, the *Spirit*, help'd my mones,
 With such Groans,
 As may never be expressed.
 11 Those Complaints my *Saviour* heard
 With regard :
 As I pray'd, right so befell it :
 From those Fears, which on me ceas'd,
 I was eas'd.
 And, alive I am to tell it.
 For which Mercy, let no day
 Pass away,
 VWherein,

Wherein I forget thy pittie ;
 But till I in earth embra'ft,
 Sleep my laſt,
 Let thy Goodneſſe be my Ditty.
 12 And, although a Slave to Sin,
 I have bin,
 Make me truly now abhor it.
 And, when *Death* next ſummons me,
 Let me be
 Ev'ry way prepared for it.
 So, no falſe, no vain delight,
 No Affright,
 From her bliſſe, my Soul ſhall ſeever :
 But, ſo love, ſo live ſhall I,
 (Live or die)
 That, I bleſt ſhall be for ever.

H Y M N L I X.

A *Hymn* encouraging ſicke perſons to be willing to dye.

Sicke-perſons are not uſually diſpoſed to ſing ; yet ſome are ſometime deſirous to chear up their hearts, and ſtrengthen themſelves againſt the feares of Death, by conſidering the Priviledges of Life-eternal : And, perhaps they who want ſtrength to ſing this Hymn, ſhall receive comfort to heare theſe Meditations ſung by others in their preſence.

Sing this as the Pater-noſter.

If

IF by the Signes foresee we may,
When our short lease of Life is done ;
Now neer unto me seems the day,
In which my Glasse will quite be run :
And, I that here, yet lie, and grone,
Shall to my resting place be gone.
2 My moisture, and my vitall heat,
In me, do now begin to cease.
My pulses out of Order beat ;
Strength failes, and Weaknesse doth increafe.
Therefore, ere Death all sence bereave,
Thus, of the World, I take my leave.
3 First, my Deare Friends, farewell to you,
Live blessed in a true belief.
Disturbe you not my last adieu,
By fruitlesse Teares, or needlesse grieve :
For, from a prison full of woe,
To Bowres of Joy, and Rest I goe.
4 For aye, adue my hopes of health ;
Farewell to all my vain Desires.
I have no pleasure now in wealth :
My Soul to better things, aspires.
All earthly pleasures are untrue :
I, therefore bid them all adue.
5 My *flesh*, oh ! be not thou afraid,
To let my Soul depart from thee.
Or, when thou all alone art laid,
Where thou must quite corrupted be,
For since my Saviour lodged there,
He from the Grave hath banish'd fear.

6 VVhat

6 What though within that lonely place,
In darknesse, and in stench thou lie,
Where wormes thy feature shall deface,
And make thee lothsome to the eie?

Thou shalt to life again arise;

Renewed in a glorious wife.

6 Thy *Soul* (of which thou art so faine)
Although from thee it shall depart;
Will come and find thee out again,
However hid, or chang'd thou art.

You shall be joined, as before;

And, never be divided more.

8 What pleasure in thy life appears,
As thou art now deform'd and pain'd?
What get'st thou but renewed cares,
If Life with Health might be regain'd?

This Life is nought but pain and grief:

Yea, pain, sometime, without relief.

9 My *Flesh* then goe; yea, gladly go
Of thy last Bed, to be possest.

O! wherefore dost thou linger so,
In Torments, when thou may'st have rest?

Know'st thou, what followes after Death,

Thou could'st not love this aiërie Breath.

10 Thou shalt in Beauty passe the Stars;
And no defect on thee shall rest.

Thou shalt be swifter then the Sphears;
And wear perfections of the best.

Death is a Gate (though somewhat low)

Through which to highest Blisse we go.

11 In

11 In thee,now, Sins and Sicknes dwels,
Vncertain hopes,and certain pain :
And thou art fit for nothing els,
But,thy Corruptions to retain.

Thy *Mates* by *Death*,shall Angels be,
And *God* himself,shall dwell in Thee.

12 Since nothing more thou canst desire,
Now give thy Soul,a free release.

To thy *Great-Grandames* wombe,retire ;

There, take thy rest,in *Hope* and *Peace* :

And,G O D (who formed thee of Clay)
Grant thee a Ioyfull rising-Day.

H Y M N L X.

Another *Hymn* encouraging against the feare
of *Death*.

*The Sick, are here taught to encourage their Soules to
be willing to leave this Life,and enjoy the perfecti-
ons of the next world. And, to that end some In-
conveniences of this Life;and some of the Benefits,
which the Faithfull enjoy by Immortality, are
mentioned in this Hymn.*

Sing this, as I loved once.

M Y Soul,why dost thou linger so,
And in thy prifon,seeke to flay?
Since

Since thou art summon'd hence to go,
By *Sicknesse*, which prepares thy way?

VVhy would'st thou loyter longer here
Perplext with pains, and vext with Fear?

GOD calls us hence, Come, come along,
And let us meet him with a *Song*.

2 VVhy, on this Carkasse dost thou dote,
VVherewith, too long thou hast been cloth'd?
VVhat have you by your Friendships got,
But *Sin* and *Sorrowes* to be loth'd?

Since, thou hast Licence to be free,
No longer now, intralld be;

But, come away; come, come along,
And meet thy *Maker* with a *Song*.

3 Thy wanton flesh (to thee so Dear)
By searching where thy strength was laid;
Hath oft (though friendly she appear)
Vnto thy *Passions*, thee betraid.

This *Troup*, with her, still watching lies,
To put out *Faith's* and *Reasons* eies.

These Foes, then stay thou not among;
But, fly thou from them with a *Song*.

4 Consider this unhappie place,
How full it is of discontent.
Remember well thy noble Race,
And from whose Bosome, thou wast sent.

There is a place reserv'd for Thee,
Where endlesse Joyes and Pleasures be:
From thence thou tarriest over-long,
Fly, fly thou thither with a *Song*:

5 Thine

And since Report his Fame doth wrong,
Enlarge his Glory in thy *Song*.

9 Go, and in *God*, those Ioyes possesse

And, that *well-being* (without end)

Which language never could expresse,

Nor Heart of mortall apprehend.

There, praise the *Founder* of that Blisse.

And, when thy Body raised is ;

(Which, *G O D* will bring to passe ere long)

Praise *Him*, together in one *Song*.

H Y M N L X I .

A Lamentation in times of excessive Rain.

*In this Hymn we lament the miseries like to befall us
by excessive Rains and Waters, confessing that plague
justly inflicted for our sins ; beseeching it may be-
get in us true penetency ; that upon Repentance the
plague may be removed ; and, that the same being
removed, we may be thankfull.*

Sing this as the Lamentation.

Although Transgressors, *L O R D*, we be,
(And, thy Displeasure justly fear)

To sing a *mournfull-Song* to thee,

Before thy Presence, we appear.

Oh ! mind thou not our follies past ;

But, our Submission, digne to heed.

And

And (since our hope on thee is plac't)
Both hear, and help us at our need.

2 For, now ô G O D ! that *Aiery-Sphear*,
(Which is to bound the upper *Deeps*
From those that underneath us are)
Continuall vapours, on us, weeps.

The *Floods-beneath* do swell more high
Then their accustom'd Limits goe ;
And they which are above the Skie,
Do presse, to meet the *Deeps* below.

3 Thy Servants, therefore, are afraid,
That, if thou fend not thy Command,
Whereby their daring may be staid,
Our whole undoing is at hand.

For, L O R D, by these excessive rains,
We lose, not only Time and Cost,
But, therewith our laborious pains,
And, means of Life, is, likewise lost.

4 Thou wilt we know, permit no more,
An univerfall *Over-flowing* ;
Nor frustrate make, as heretofore,
The Times of *Harvest*, or of *Sowing*.

But, L O R D ! to us what profits it,
That, so it promis'd was by Thee ;
If now the *Waters* thou permit,
The present Spoile of us to be ?

5 Or, what to live will it availe,
If Raine and Moisture in excesse,
Shall make the means of Life to faile,
And keep us lingring in distresse ?

Except

Except in bearing of that Croffe,
Which this Affliction may procure,
We gain Repentance by the losse,
And make some Future *Blessing* sure.

6 For these great *Rains*, perhaps are sent
To make us heedfull of our Sin,
And, with compunction to lament
The waies which we have erred in.

O! teach us LORD, if it be so,
Our grosse offences to bemone:
And, let a pleasant *Season* show
That, thy Displeasure quite is gone.

7 Let not thine *Vniversall-Grace*
To us, in speciall be denide:
For *speciall-Favour*, here is place:
O! let that also be applide.

Dry up, or chase the Clouds away,
Whose vapours breed corrupted Aire.
Disperse those Fogs, which dim the day,
Make thou the Weather clear and faire.

8 To us, vouchsafe, likewise, ô GOD!
The *Drought-desired*, to prolong;
That, we may change this *mournfull-Ode*,
Into a praisefull, *joyfull-Song*.

And, when the Soile, so dry shall grow,
That show'rs will needfull be again;
In season, LORD! on us bestow
The *Former*, and the latter-Rain.

H Y M N

H Y M N L X I I.

A thanksgiving after excessive Raines.

*When we are delivered from the plague of excessive
Rains and Waters; they who desire to sing a Song of
Thanksgiving for the same, may musically expresse
their gratitude in this brieve Hymn.*

Sing this as the 4. Psalme.

THE show'rs which wash'd away almost,
The Comfort of our pains ;
(And fruitlesse made our hopes and Cost)
Thy mercy, L O R D ! restrains.
Thy Breath hath purg'd the foggie Aire :
The Sun, doth bright appear.
The Fields waxe dry, The wayes grow faire ;
The Skie, from clouds is clear.
2 We, therefore, turn out mournfull Songs,
Into a thankfull *Ode*,
And, we confesse, the praise belongt,
To none, but thee, ô G O D !
Accept the service we professe,
And, give us grace, ô L O R D !
To manifest our Thankfulnessse,
As well in *Deed*, as *Word*.

H Y M N

HYMN LXIII.

For time of extreme *Drouth*.

Many afflictions accompany excessive Drouths, as may appear by this Lamentation, whereby they who are unsensible of such a Judgement, may be made more sensible of Gods Visitation in that kinde; and such as have a true feeling thereof, may have words whereby to expresse the same to the stirring up of penitence in their hearts.

Hear! oh great Almighty King!
Who from Earth's extreamest part,
Lightnings,Winds,and Rains do'tt bring:
And,commander of them,art.

Thou art he,who sends the *Rils*,
To refresh the fruitfull plains;
And bedewes the thirstie Hils,
With sweet *Show'rs*, and wholsome *Rains*.

Hear,and heed thou from on high,
This our loud and wofull cry:
For,from thee,we seek relief;
Who,haſt Cures,for ev'ry Grief.
2 By a waſtfull ſcortching *Drouth*,
We,now LORD, afflicted be;
And,the Earth with gaping mouth,
Makes a ſad Complaint to Thee.

Hils,

Hills,and *Dales*,and *Fields*,and*Downs*,
 Robes of Sorrow have put on ;
 And in mourning-Ruffet Gowns,
 Our Distresses do bemone.

For (unlesse thou gracious be)
Bird,and *Beast*,and *Herb*,and *Tree*,
 And what e're doth *Breathe* or *Spring*,
 To decay ; this *Droughth* will bring.

3 Lo,the *Branch* that leaved was,
 Is become a wither'd *Spray*.

Medowes,lately cloth'd with grasse,
 Now, are short *unmowed-hay*.

Where much *Corne* did freshly sprout,
 All is now consum'd with Heat.

And,the *Flocks* that skipt about,
 Now do pine,for want of meat.

Pain'd by *Thirst*,the *Heards* do rore ;
 Hunger makes our cattell poore :

And,unlesse thou Mercy show,
 They that owne them,poore will grow.

4 *Earth*(whose ever teeming wombe,
 Many Births,at once could bear)

Now,unfertile is become ;
 And,her Fruits abortive are.

At her *Breſt*,the late green plant,
 Starv'd,by lack of Sap,doth lie.

Moisture,now her *Furrowes* want ;
 And her *Cloids* are stark and drie.

Clouds of *Duſt*,in ſtead of *Rain*,
 Overſpread both Hill and Plain :

From

From his Banks, the River shrinks ;
And the standing-water stinks.

5 LORD ! with pity now behold,
How distressed thy Creatures be.
At such needs, in times of old,
Help hath been vouchsaf'd by Thee

When the People thirsty was,
Thou from Rocks didst water bring.
In the Jaw-bone of an Ass,
Thou for *Samson* mad'st a Spring.

When *Elias* thee besought,

Needful Rain, was timely brought :
And, thou mad'st the water sweet,
Which for usage was unmeet.

6 In the Floods, thy Chambers are ;
They with Clouds be roof'd and wall'd.
To attend thy pleasure, there,
Dewes and show'rs are still exhal'd.

When we serve thee, they are sent,
To refresh us in our needs.
When we merit to be shent,
Thence Correction then proceeds.

When thou frown'st, the weather low'rs ;

And, by *Stormes* or *Droughth* devours :
When thou smilest, we obtain,
Kindly Warmth, and timely Rain :

7 LORD, forgive us that offence
Which hath stir'd thine Anger thus :
Take this wasting Droughth from hence ;
With calme show'rs recomfort us.

Let

Let it plentifully Rain,
 That it may refresh the Aire.
 Drop thy fatnesse on the plain;
 And the parched Hills repaire.
 Mark what mone the Fowles do make;
 On the beasts,compassion take:
 Think upon the Widowes need;
 And,the wants of Orphanes,heed.
 8 By the moisture of thy Dew,
 To the Plants new vigour give.
 The decayed Herbs renew;
 And the scorched feeds revive.
 That the grasse anew may grow,
 Wherewithall our Beasts are fed:
 That,there may be Corn enow,
 To supply our daily bread.
 That, to make us also glad,
 Wine,and oyle may still be had:
 And,that these Lamenting *Laies*
 May be chang'd to *Songs* of praise.

H Y M N L X I I I I.

A Thanksgiving after a *Droughth*.

*God is hereby praised for vouchsafing to refresh the
 scorched Fields with needfull dewes, and showers
 upon the humble petition of his Servants who had
 been afflicted by an excessive Droughth.*
Sing this as the 23. Psalm.

G

So

SO pow'rfull are the faithfull Cries,
 Which men afflicted raise;
 That, to ascend the starry Skies,
 They find out secret waies.
 And, thou hast LORD, an open ear
 To ev'ry Soul distressed,
 Which with a due regard will hear
 The meanest mans request.
 2 The *Clouds*, oh GOD! at thy Commands,
 Did needfull show'rs distill;
 Whereby the dry and thirsty lands,
 Have sweetly drunk their fill.
 That scorching *Droughth* is now alayd,
 Which Grasse and Corne destroyes;
 And, that for which we humbly pray'd,
 Thine heritage injoyes.
 3 Aswell as to the Just, oh LORD!
 To us, that wicked be.
 Thou *Raine* and *Sun-shine* dost afford
 When suit is made to thee.
 To thee, *Love, Wisdom, Pow'r* and *Fame*,
 Ascribed be therefore.
 And blessed be thy *holy-Name*,
 Both, now, and evermore.

H Y M N

HYMN LXV.

A Thanksgiving for feasonable Weather
in generall.

This is a Hymn of Praise for that feasonable Weather whereby we are inabled to receive the fruits of the earth, or continued hopefull of that bleſſing.

Sing this as Te Deum.

LORD ! ſhould the *Sun*, the *Cloud*, the *Wind*,
The *Aire* and *Seaſons* be
To us as froward, and unkind,
As we are falſe to thee;
Our Labours would, by Winds or Storms,
By Drouth or elſe by Rain;
By Heat, or Cold, by Weeds, or Wormes,
Prove Labours all in vain.
2 But, from our Duties, though we ſwerve,
Thou, ſtill, do'ſt Mercy ſhow;
And, us and ours from ſpoile preſerve,
That we might thankfull grow.
Yea, though from day to day we ſin,
And thy diſfavour gain;
Aſſoon as we to cry begin,
Forgivenefſe, we obtain.
3 The *Weather* now, thou changed haſt,
Which lately made us fear:
And, when our hopes were almoſt paſt,
Sweet comforts did appear.

G 2

The

The *Heavens*, the *Earth's* complaints have heard :

They reconciled be :

And, thou such weather hast prepar'd,

As we desir'd of thee.

4 For which, with uprais'd hands and eies,

(As purely as we may)

The due, and easie *Sacrifice*

Of Thanks, we now repay.

And since the Aire thou changest thus,

That we thereby are eas'd :

We pray thee work that change in us,

Whereby thou maist be pleas'd.

H Y M N L X V I.

A Thanksgiving after Thunder and Lightning.

Thunder and Lightning are terrible in their owne nature; and have oft-times very dreadfull effects : Therefore, we ought to praise G O D, when we have heard and seene him, in those works of his without the destruction of our Goods & Persons.

Sing this as the former.

NO earthly Terror, L O R D, can make
 A Sinner more to fear
 Then when in Thunder thou do'st speak,
 Loud threatnings in his ear.
 Thee, therefore, we did humbly pray,
 Thy *Stormes* aside to blow ;

And,

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And, down thy *Thunder-bolts* to lay
As is vouchsafed now.
2 The dreadfull Sounds, and fiery darts,
Which lately us appal'd ;
And greatly terrifide our hearts,
Thy Mercy hath recall'd.
Yea, from the scorching sulphurie Blast,
Which from those Engines came ;
Thou us, oh LORD ! preserv'd hast,
For which we praise thy *Name*.
3 In *Language*, filling us with awe,
Thou neededst not to speak,
If of thy *Prophets*, and thy *Law*,
More notice we would take.
Oh ! give us grace, the loving voice
Of *Mercy*, so to hear ;
That *Justice* make not such a noise
As fills with servile Fear.

H Y M N L X V I I.

After a great Winde.

The Winde is a serviceable Spirit, which being set at liberty to punish us for our Sins, produceth many terrible effects ; Therefore, when the tempestuous fury is alayed, whereby it sometimes threateneth us, we shall do well to acknowledge Gods mercy for the same.

Sing this, as the former.

G 3

When

VHen hearty thanks we render not,
 For what we do obtain ;
 We merit well to be forgot,
 When we shall next complain.
 The blust'ring *Winds* that fiercely rag'd,
 And Bowres, and Buildings tore ;
 Are by thy Mercy, LORD, asswag'd,
 And ruffle now no more.
 2 Calm gales they breathe; and make it plain,
 (By these effects we see)
 That, He who in the Aire doth raig'n,
 Subjected is to thee.
 We magnifie thy *Name*, therefore,
 And, will in thee repose
 Our Trust, and Hope, for evermore,
 What *Winde* foever blows.

HYMN LXVIII.

After a great Frost or Snow.

Great Frosts and Snowes are sometime made the executioners of Gods Justice upon a sinfull Land, that frozen Charity may be unthawed by Repentance: And this Hymn remembers us to be thankfull when God shall remove such a Iudgement from us.

Sing this as the former.

From

From *Colds*, late nipping Herbs and Trees,
(Afflicting Man and Beast)
And making Lakes and Rivers freeze,
Thou, **L O R D** ! hast us releast.
The Clods are thaw'd ; The Ice doth melt ;
The Creatures, lately griev'd
Are eas'd of the pains they felt ;
And, from their Fears repriev'd.
2 We praise thee, for this blessed change ;
And thankfull are to thee,
That thou thy help do'st not estrange,
When we afflicted be.
Let thy Compassion us dispose,
(Where we shall need behold)
To melt in pitty, towards those
To whom our Love is cold.

H Y M N L X I X.

In a Time of Famine.

*Famine is one of the three great Plagues whereby
God usually corrects a sinfull Nation ; and by this
Hymn we are taught how to addresse our com-
plaints to God, in this Visitation, &c.*

Sing this as the 22. Psalm.

BY Mercies and by Iudgements, **L O R D** !
We have bin often tride,
G 4 In

In disobeying of thy Word,
 How constant we abide :
 For, when we gently are chastif'd,
 We stubborn-hearted be ;
 And, when our longings are suffic'd,
 We kick, and spurn at Thee.
 2 For, which thou quite might'st us refuse,
 And, say, as heretofore
 Thou say'st unto the stubborn *Jewes* :
 I will correct no more.
 But, still, thy Love to us is true ;
 And, ev'ry means doth find
 By which thou maist compassion shew,
 And, be both *Iust* and *Kind*.
 3 The *Plenties* which we lately had,
 By us, abused were.
 And, Thou a *Scarcenesse* now hast made,
 By which we pinched are.
 If thou hadst left us to our Sin,
 By feeding our *Excesse* ;
 That *Vengeance* had the greater bin,
 Though it had seem'd lesse.
 4 Thou, still, proceed'st with *Chastisement*
 In such a loving wife ;
 That we may be the Punishment,
 Find where our Error lies.
 And, if we be not hardned quite,
 We by the Stripes may see
 That, thou in *Mercy* hast delight ;
 Though strokes inflicted be.

5 Yea

And, that when fuller we shall grow,
We think not lesse on Thee.

H Y M N. L X X.

A Thanksgiving for Plenty.

Plenty is the cure of Famine ; and a Blessing, for which we much labour; yet when it is obtained, we many times become so wanton thereby, that we not only abuse that Benefit, but many other Mercies accompanying the same; to prevent which unthankfulness, this Hymn was composed.

Sing this as the 4. Psalm.

HOW oft, and by how many Crimes,
Thee Jealous have we made ?
And, blessed G O D ! how many times,
Have we forgiveness had ?
If we with teares, to bed, at night,
For our Transgressions go ;
To us, before the Morning light,
Thou Comforts dost bestow.
2 This pleasant Land, which for our Sin,
Was, lately, barren made,
Her fruitfulness doth new begin,
And we our Hopes have had.
For which in praisefull Songs, to thee,
We raise our voices L O R D !

And,

And, thankfull, we desire to be
 For what, thou dost afford.
 3 Vouchsafe we waſt not by exceſſe,
 Thy Bleſſings like the ſwine;
 Or into graceleſſe wantonnes,
 Convert this Grace of thine.
 But, ſo let us thy Gifts imploy;
 And, ſo reſreſh the poore:
 That, in this Land, we may enjoy
 Theſe Plenties, evermore.

HYMN LXXI.

In times of Peſtilence, or other infectious
 Sickneſſe.

This Hymn putteth us in mind (by profeſſing our dependance upon GOD) that we make him our ſole Refuge in times of danger. Confefſion, is here made alſo, that our Sins are the Cauſe of Sickneſſe or infectious diſeaſes: and God is humbly beſought to be our protector in this danger

Sing this as the 51. Pſalme.

BY truſting unto thee, oh GOD!
 And, by reſpoſing in thy ſhade;
 A Shelter, and a ſafe Abode,
 In many Dangers, we have had.
 And, good Affurances we have,
 That, while on thee we do depend,

Thou

Thou wilt from publike Danger save ;
And from all private harmes defend.

2 In thee, this trust we have repos'd :
Thy Succour, therefore, we expect,
Now perill hath our Souls inclos'd ;
And, our Destruction, seems to threat.

For, *Sins* Infections have bin spred,
By lewd *Examples*, now, so far,
That those Contagions they have bred,
Whereby our lives endanger'd are.

3 LORD ! let thy *Spirit*, from on high,
On us, those healthfull Breathings blow,
Which may our *Climate* purifie ;
And, wholsome Aire on us bestow.

And, let our Flesh and Blood, become
So purged, by thy sacred *Word* ;
That, we may be secured from
The strokes of this devouring *Sword*.

4 Oh ! call thy slaughtring *Angell* home.
And (though we merit not such grace)
Compassionate, and kind become
To us, in this distressed Case.

Vouchsafe us hearts that may repent,
Those Courtes, which do thee displease :
And, give us wisdom to prevent
The violence of this Disease.

5 Let not the shaft which flies by day,
Nor that, which terrifies by night,
To slaughter, wound, or to dismay
Within our Dwellings, LORD, alight.

But

But, let thy *saving-Angell* bide
 About our Persons, ev'ry how'r
 A shelter, for us, to provide,
 Against this plagues malignant pow'r.
 6 Or, if this *Harbinger* of Death,
 Must in our Flesh, prepare him Room ;
 Let not the losse of Health, or Breath,
 A mischief, or a plague become.
 And, let both Death and Sicknes prove
 A means of everlasting Blisse ;
 And, from these Dangers, us remove
 To live where no corruption is.

H Y M N L X X I I.

For Deliverance from publike Sicknes.

*When an infectious Pestilence breaketh in upon us, it
 is an extraordinary Mercy that we are not all roo-
 ted out. Therefore, when God removes the same, we
 are hereby remembred to acknowledge it to his
 praise.*

Sing this as the Pater-noster.

L O R D, when a Nation thee offends,
 And when thou would'st correct their lāds)
 An Army, still, on Thee attends,
 To execute thy just Commands.
Yea, Famine, Sicknesse, Fire, and Sword ;
 Stand ready to fulfill thy word.

2 And,

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2 And, here, among us for our Sin,
 A strong Infection lately reign'd
 Whose Rage hath so malignant bin,
 As that it could not be restrain'd
 By any care, or Art of our,
 Or by a lesse, then heav'nly pow'r.
 3 To thee, therefore, our Cries we sent,
 Thy wonted Clemency to prove :
 And, our misdoings did lament
 That Visitation to remove.
 And, thou thine *Angell* didst command,
 To stay his Death-inflicting hand.
 4 For which to thee, in humble wise,
 Both heart, and hand, oh LORD ! we raise;
 And, have exchang'd our former Cries,
 To Joyfull Songs of thankfull praise :
 Confessing, that, by Thee, we have
 Escap'd the Dungeon of the *Grave*.

H Y M N L X X I I I.

A Lamentation in time of *War*.

*War, is the last and worst of those Temporall-
 Plagues, whereby G O D scourgeth a wicked
 Nation, and it includeth all other miseries. There-
 fore, when that Iudgement is sent forth against us,
 we are warned hereby, so to consider what is fallen
 upon us ; and to become so penitent, that God may
 be intreated to withdraw that Plague.*

Sing this as the 51. Psalm.

Of

O F all those Judgements which thy *Word*
For Sin, oh LORD ! denounced hath,
None are more dreadfull then the *Sword* ;
Or, more inform us of thy wrath.

Except it be, when men are, quite,
To Sin, without Correction left ;
Expos'd to *Sathans* worst despight ;
Or, of a quiet minde bereft.

2 For, when by other plagues we smart,
By thine own hand, chastiz'd we be :
And, LORD ! so pitifull thou art,
That, Mercy, still abounds in thee.

But, when our Faults thou dost correct,
By tyranous and cruell men,
A sad event, we may expect ;
And, hope for little Mercy, then.

3 Oh GOD ! this dreadfull Plague of *War*,
All other earthly Plagues includes :
For *Dearths*, and all *Diseases* are
Attending where this *Feind* intrudes.

Oppressions, and continuall Fears,
Wounds, Watchings, Dangers, and unrest,
Incessant Grievs, and endlesse cares,
By warfare, Kingdomes do molest.

4 *War*, from the Childe, his Parents takes ;
And robs the Father of his Childe :
Of old, and young, it havoke makes ;
And, thereby Matrons are defilde.

War turns, the Freeman to a Slave :
It bringeth Nobles to distresse :

And

And maketh Cutthroat villains brave,
With what great Princes did possesse.

5 It goodly Temples overturns ;
And Acteth Ill, where Good was taught.
The fairest Buildings, down it burns ;
And, sets both *God*, and *Man* at naught.

Yea, quite it ruins in one day,
What many Ages could not rear ;
And bringeth Cities to decay,
Which through the World, renowned were.

6 Chase thou oh LORD ! this Tyrant hence:
Permit thou not, his hand of Blood,
To beare the scourge of our offence ;
But, take it to thy Self, oh GOD !

Though many wayes, we have misdone,
We none have wrong'd, so much as Thee :
Therefore, oh LORD ! by Thee alone,
Corrected for it, let us be.

7 When but the sounds of *War*, they hear,
The hearts of many, so are strook,
That they are overcome with Fear.
How, then, *War's* prefence can they brook ?

Lord, let thy mercy so provide
That, from our Coasts he may be chas'd :
That, *Peace*, may in our Borders bide ;
And, keep our Dwellings undefac'd.

8 And, LORD ! since *War*, such Terrors brings ;
Such mischieves, and so much distresse ;
And since perpetually there Springs,
Joy, wealth, and ease, from blessed *Peace*.

Let

Let us endeavour to regain
 This Peace, by what good means we may,
 And if the same we reobtain
 Take heed, we fool it not away.

HYMN LXXIV.

A thanksgiving for *Peace*.

Peace is the nurse of Plentie, and the means of so many other blessings that God cannot be sufficiently praised for it. This therefore is composed, that we who have enjoyed this blessing more then most other Nations might be more thankfull for it hereafter.

Sing this as the 4. Psalme.

SO caufe us, LORD! to think upon
 The Blessing we possesse,
 That we may praise what thou hast done,
 And thy great love confesse.
 For, we whose Fields in Ages past,
 With bloodshed were distain'd,
 Whilst Fire and Sword layd others waste,
 In safetie, have remain'd.
 2 No armed Bands, the *Plough-man* fears,
 No Towr's are overturn'd;
 No Temple shakes about our ears;
 No Townships now are burn'd.
 No Father hears his little Childe,
 In vain, for succour cry:

No

No Husband sees his Wife defilde,
 Whilst he doth wounded lye.
 3 Dear G O D ! vouchsafe to pittie those
 Who thus distressed be :
 That, to defend them from their Foes
 They may have help from thee.
 For, by thy Mercy we obtain'd
 These calme and peacefull Dayes ;
 And for this *Peace*, with hearts unfain'd
 We, now, do Sing thy Praise.
 4 Aswell for our internall *Peace*,
 As for that outward Rest,
 Which by thy Favour we possesse
 Thy goodnesse, is confest,
 Oh take not, L O R D ! this grace away,
 But, let it still endure
 And, grant thy mercies make us may,
 More thankfull, not secure.

H Y M N L X X V .

For Victorie.

*All Victorie is of God, who is the LORD of
 Hosts: therefore to him only belongs the glory of
 those victories which we shall obtain; and this
 Hymn remembers us to ascribe all our prevailings
 to his power and mercy.*

Sing this as the X. Commandements.

Oh

O H LORD ! we magnifie thy Might,
By whose prevailing grace and pow'r,
We are preserv'd from their despight
Who fought, that they might us devour.

Thou art our Joyfull *Triumph-song* ;
Thou art the Comfort of our heart :
To thee all Victories belong ;
And, thou the GOD of *Armies* art.

2 It was, alone, thy Providence
Which made us *Masters of the Field* :
Thou art our Castle of defence ;
Our Fort, our Bulwark, and our Shield.

Thou taughtst our Hands & Arms to fight ;
By thee, undaunted we were made :
By thee, our Foes were put to flight ;
By Thee the conquest we have had.

3 For, on what hand soere we went,
Great perils, us did round enclose :
Our little strength, was almost spent,
And fierce and bloody, were our Foes.

That, hadst not thou our Captain been,
To lead us on, and off again ;
This happie day we had not seen,
But in the Bed of Death had lain.

4 This *Hymn*, we therefore Sing to Thee :
And pray thee, that, as heretofore,
Thou wouldst our gracious Refuge be,
And our *Protector* evermore.

Yea, to our Foes let it be shown,
How to our Cause thou dost incline ;
And

And make it unto them be known,
That, such as are our Foes are thine.

H Y M N L X X V I.

For Publike Deliverances.

*God hath vouchsafed unto these kingdoms, many
publike Deliverances, which ought never to be
forgotten, especially those on the first of November,
and 1583. And this Hymn was intended, to
bring those, and such like, oftner to remembrance.*

Sing this as the Pater-noster.

With *Isr'el*, we may truly say
If on our side, G O D had not been ;
Of us, our Foes had made a prey,
And, we this Light, had never seen
The Pit was dig'd, The Snare was laid ;
And, we with ease, had been betray'd.

2 But, our Opposers, undertook
What they did faile to bring to passe.
For, he that all things doth or'e look,
Prevented what conspired was.

We found the *Pit*; we scap'd the *Gin*,
And saw their *Makers* caught therein.

3 By Favour undeserved shown
From G O D, this means of safetie came ;
And, by no wisdom of our own :
Oh ! let us therefore, praise his *name*.

Oh ! praise his *Name* : for, it was *He*,
That broke the Net, and set us free.

4 With

- 4 With praises let our *Temples* ring ;
Let on our Lips, thanksgivings dwell.
Let us, unto his honour sing,
And, Stories of his Mercies tell.
 While *Sun*, and *Moon*, do rise, or set ;
 His kindnesse, let us not forget.
5 Oh ! let us now redeeme the Time :
Let us begin to live anew.
Let us repent of ev'ry crime,
Whereby, displeasure may ensue :
 Lest he that plagues from us hath took ;
 Return them, with a doubled strook.
6 A true *Repentance* takes delight
To memorize what G O D hath done :
When pass'd Favours, we recite,
It adds more Grace, to grace begun.
 And, when such vertues do encrease ;
 They promise everlasting peace.
7 But, where Ingratitude we see ;
And, when so wicked we are grown,
That sleighted those protections be,
Which *God* hath formerly bestown,
 It shall betoken, to this Land
 That her Destruction is at hand.
8 L O R D ! let us not be hardned so :
Nor let thine Anger so return :
But, grant we may our duties do ;
And for our sinfull Follies mourn :
 That from our Sorrows, joy may Spring ;
 And we thy *praises*, gladly Sing.

H Y M N

HYMN LXXVII.

When we are merry-hearted.

Sometimes we are more then ordinarily inclined to cheerfulneffe, and what we should then doe, we are advised by the Apostle Iames. And lest our mirth corrupt into vanity, rather then invite us to sing Psalmes, this Hymn offereth somewhat to consideration, which may preserve, and sanctifie our cheerfulneffe.

MEthinks I feele more perfect Rest,
 Refreshing now, my mind ;
 And more contentment in my breast,
 Then ev'ry day I find.
 Such Notions there,
 Begotten are,
 And forth such thoughts they bring :
 That though I would
 My voice withhold,
 I cannot chuse but sing.
 2 Too oft vain musings do dispose
 My heart, to fruitlesse Mirth.
 And fill it with such fumes as those
 Which vapour from the earth.
 On such a Fit,
 Sometime, I hit,
 I know nor how, nor why :
 And, as the same
 Vnlook'd for came,

Ev'n

Ev'n so away t'will fly.

3 Oh LORD ! if this be such a Toy,

Let some well-guided thought,

Translate it to a better Joy ;

Or, bring the same to nought.

For, such Delights,

Are like some *Sights*,

Which in the *dark* appear :

At their first view,

They comfort shew,

At last, they make us fear.

4 Let those Delights which *Fancie* fains,

To please a craved mind ;

And, that which *Folly* entertains

With me, no liking find.

But, let in me,

Increased be,

Those Comforts, and those Joies,

Which do not flow

From things below :

And, which no time destroys.

H Y M N L X X V I I I.

A Lamentation and Petition of the Soule, for
and against her flesh.

*By this Hymn, we are put in mind to be so watch-
full over the Infirmities and Corruptions of our
Flesh,*

Flesh ; that we take heed, lest our *Sensualitie*
 bring *Soul and Body to destruction* ; and that we
 beseech Gods *assisting Grace*, to help the *Soule*
 govern as she ought, and so subdue the *Flesh*, to the
Law of Grace, and Reason.

Sing this as the 43. Psalm.

AH me ! where may I seek a Friend ?

Or, where have hopes to finde

One that is Faithfull to the end ;

And never proves unkinde ?

Since mine own *Flesh*, (and for whose sake,

My Self I oft forget)

Doth with my cruellst Foe partake ;

And, is against me set ?

2 *She*, in whose Bosome, I have laid,

And, who hath slept in mine ;

She, with whom, I have often plaid,

And, lov'd with *Love-divine* :

She that made show, as if my Grief,

Her greatest Grief would be ;

(And called me, her *Joy*, her *Life*)

Is carelesse, now, of me.

3 The more I trust, the more I love,

The more my love I show ;

The more unfaithfull *She* doth prove :

The more she works my woe.

Yet, still, my heart upon her dotes ;

And (through her wanton wiles)

My *Reason*, still, she so befots,

That, still, She me beguiles.

4 Some-

- 4 Sometime, these wrongs I do resolve,
 That, her I much condemn :
 And in my Iudgement, can resolve,
 Her Fawnings to contemn.
 I take her *Pleasant-things* away,
 Her *Longings* I restrain ;
 I make her watch, and fast and pray,
 Vntill she Teares doth faine.
- 5 To see her grieve, then grieve I too,
 And loving words apply ;
 Left to her self, she wrongs may do,
 Or of the *Sullens*, dye.
 And, *She* no sooner feels my heart
 Her Freedome to restore ;
 But, she begins to play her part,
 As fally, as before.
- 6 Teach me, my GOD ! teach me the way
 To make her more sincere ;
 Left, *She*, her Selfe, and Me, betray
 To *Him*, whose Hate I fear.
 For, so I love (though plain I see
 Of me, she carelesse is)
 That Heav'n would seem a Hell to me,
 If *Her*, I there should misse.
- 7 To be my *Darling*, she was born :
 And *Nature* did provide
 That, 'twixt us, Friendship should be sworn,
 Which, nothing shall divide ;
 And, therefore, on each other, so
 Our welfare doth depend ;
 H That,

That, if the *One* to ruine go,
 Such is the *Others* end.
 8 Therefore, oh LORD ! unleffe thy love
 Prevent what much I fear,
 We, to each other, Foes may prove,
 The worst that ever were.
 Because, if they who love as we,
 Their *Passions* guid not well :
 On *Earth* each others plagues they be,
 And greater plagues in *Hell*.
 9 My GOD ! therefore, thy help again,
 Thy help, I do implore,
 That I my *Fleshly-part*, to rein,
 May be inabled more.
 My *Soul*, instruct thou so to guid ;
 So make my flesh obey ;
 That, we true-Lovers may abide,
 In *Vertues* harmles Way.
 10 And, though all *Vertues* we had got
 (Where of the best may boast)
 Vnto our selves, LORD, leave us not :
 Lest all, again, be lost.
 For, till the *Flesh* be mortifi'd,
 Her nature, will return ;
 Though she was partly *sanctifi'd*,
 When she, anew, was born.

H Y M N

H Y M N L X X I X.

Of the vanity and insufficiency of tem-
porall things.

*That we may not be overmuch delighted with such
Things as perish, to the losse of our portion in things
of most Excellency. We are hereby remembred to
consider the Vanitie and Insufficiency of Temporall
Things.*

Sing this as a Hermit-poare.

W^Hat is there L O R D
Within this Lower Orbe,
Which doth afford,
A pleasure or content ?
But may disease,
Discomfort or disturbe,
Vnlesse thou please
Their mischiefs to prevent ?
No marvell, tho
The worst do sorrows bring ;
Since there is woe,
In ev'ry pleasant thing.
2 *Wealth* bringeth Care
Sometimes, as much as *Want*.
Our *Honours* are
Attended with disgrace.
When *Hopes* are best,
Our *Hearts* with *Fears* do pant,
H 2 Our

Our daint'eft Feaft,
 Is marr'd with bitter fawce.
 Diftruft, to lofe
 The Pleafure, we poffeffe,
 Them overthrowes,
 Or makes their sweetnes leffe.
 3 Our Beauties fade,
 Afoon as they are blown.
 We *Weak* are made,
 E're we are fully ftrong.
 We often dote,
 When wifeft we are grown.
Youth, frees us not
 From Griefs, whil'ft we are yong.
 No Age, or State,
 Condition, or Degree,
 Can promife that,
 In which no Changes be.
 4 That, which we fought,
 With all our pow'rs, to win
 As if we thought,
 Our chiefeft Bliffe it were :
 That, which esteem'd
 Above our lives, hath hin ;
 And, which hath feem'd
 Beyond Salvation, dear.
 That is at laft,
 A thing unpleafing made ;
 And leaves no taft,
 Of thofe Contents, it had.

5 They,

5 They, who in me
 Their chief Delights did place ;
 Now, fenſleſſe be
 That e're ſo fond they were.
 They, in whoſe love,
 I, no leſſe pleaſed was ;
 No liking, move ;
 And Strangers now they are.
 Yea, what with pain,
 I fought ; I now do lothe,
 Oh G O D ! how vain
 Was *that*, or *I*, or *both*.
 6 What we deſpiſe,
 Anon, is precious thought.
 What, we now prize,
 E're long, we much diſdain.
 This Day we love,
 Whom, next we ſet at nought.
 And fickle prove,
 Yet ſhameleſſly complain.
 Their *Vanitie*,
 Things mortall publiſh thus ;
 And certaintie,
 Ther's none, in *them*, or *Vs*.
 7 Oh L O R D ! ſince we,
 And, all that here we love,
 Things changing be ;
 Let us on Thee depend.
 From Things below,
 (To reach the things above)

H 3

Thy

Thy Servant show,
Which way he should ascend.
And, let me there,
Live, Love, and loved be ;
Where Pleasures are,
Whose end I shall not see.

H Y M N L X X X.

When a deare Freind is deceafed.

Some, are fo fenfible of lofing their dearly beloved Friends, that, they are almoft fwallowed up with grief. Therefore this Hymn was prepared to mitigate their forrow, by directing them for confolation to Him, in whom they may find againe their deceafed friends, and better comforts then they loft.

Sing this as, In fad and Afflie weeds.

NOW my Dear Friend is gon,
Ah me / how faint my heart appears !
How fad ! and how alone !
How fwoln with fighs, how drown'd with tears !
Fain would I tell,
What Griefs, what Hell,
Is now within my breaft.
But who doth live,
That eafe can give ?
Or bring me wifhed Reft ?

2 Thofe

2 Those eares which I would fain,
Should once more hear what I would say,
Shall never, now again,
Vnto their Heart, my Thoughts convey.
 Nor shall that Tongue,
 Whose Tones, were *Song*,
And, musicke, still to me ;
 To please, or chear,
 My drouping ear ;
Hereafter turned be.

3 Oh Dear / oh gracious *God* !
If in our selves, we blisse had fought ;
Of passions, what a lode,
Vpon my Soul, had now been brought !
 How had I found,
 Within that *Round*,
Wherein, I should have run ?
 The joyfull end,
 Which doth befriend,
Affections well, begun.

4 Had we our Love confin'd
To that, which mortall proves to be :
Or, had we been so blind,
That we death's pow'r could not foresee.
 Where had been found,
 When under ground,
My Dear-companion lay,
 A fit Relief,
 To cure that Grief,
Which wounds my Heart, this Day ?

H 4

But,

5 But,while we liv'd and lov'd,
 In thee,each other up we stor'd,
 My *Friend*(by Death remov'd)
 In thee,therefore,I seek,oh LORD!

My Loss,by none,
 But,Thee alone,
 Repaired,now,can be.

What I endure,
 Admits nor Cure,
 Nor ease,except by thee.
 5 Be thou to my sad heart,
 A sweet Relief,now I am griev'd.
 Be to it as thou wert,

When, here with me,my *Dearest* liv'd.
 That which I lov'd,
 Is but remov'd,

To thee,our *Perfect Blisse*.
 And that I had
 Was but the shade

Of what my *Darling* is.

7 In Thee,Behold I shall;
 In Thee,I shall again enjoy;
 What thou away didst call,
 And what thou didst by Death destroy.

We,by thy Grace,
 Shall there,embrace,
 Where Friends do never part.
 Which,now I mind,
 Methinks,I find

Sweet hope,relieve my heart.

Part. I. Hymn LXXXI. 153

8 I feel it more, and more,
My Soul of Comfort to assure.
And, now, for ev'ry fore,
I know, and feel, thou hast a Cure.
For which my Tongue,
Shall change her Song,
Thy Goodnes to commend.
And, thou art he
Who, still, shalt be
My best affected *Friend*.

H Y M N L X X X I.

For Deliverance from Temptation.

To be delivered from Temptation, is one of the six petitions in the LORD'S Prayer, which we daily repeat; and therefore that God may deliver us from the evil thereof, we shall do well to invoke him by a speciall Invocation according as this Hymn putteth us in mind.

Sing this as the 4. Psalm.

HOW hard is it for Flesh and Blood,
When Lusts the Heart assaile,
To wish that *Vice*, may be withstood;
And, *Vertue*, still prevaile!
How hard is it, when we do burn,
With euill-kindled Fires,

H 5

Our

Our Eies from Vanities to turn !
 Or quench our loofe Defires ?
 2 So hard oh LORD ! fo hard it is ;
 That few can truly fay,
 They for thy timely ayd (in this)
 With true Devotion pray.
 But, rather, many are afraid,
 (When they to pray are mov'd)
 Left by thy Grace, they should be ftaid,
 From Sins, too well belov'd.
 3 Of this, if others have been free,
 Thy Mercy, let them bleffe :
 For, that this fault hath been in me,
 I freely do confesse :
 And, (feeing better thoughts, I have)
 Occafion, thereupon,
 I, now, affume, thine ayd to crave,
 Before, this Mind be gon.
 4 Thy Grace, oh LORD, in me did breed
 This motion, not in vain.
 Oh ! let it be the blefled Seed
 Of an immortall Gain.
 And, grant, that getting fomewhat loofe,
 From *Sins* imperious hand ;
 My heart with willingnes, may chufe
 The wayes of thy *Command*.
 5 From *Sathans* Baits, from *Follies* Lures,
 From ev'ry caufe of Ill,
 Preferve me clean, whil'ft life endures,
 In *Action*, and in *Will*.

At

Part. I. Hymn LXXXII. 155

At leaft,when I fhall tempted be,
Protect thy Servant fo,
That,evil overcome not me ;
But,Victor let me grow.
6 Vaile then mine *Eies*, till She be paft,
When *Folly* tempts my fight :
Keep thou my *Pallet*,and my *Taft*,
From Gluttonous Delight.
Stop thou mine *Ear*,from *Syrens* Songs :
My *Tongue* from Lies refrain.
Withhold my *Hands*,from doing wrongs ;
My *Feet*,from courfes vain.
7 Teach,likewife,ev'ry other Senfe,
To Act an honeft part ;
But,chiefly fettle *Innocence*,
And purenes in my *Heart* :
So,nought *without* me,or *within*,
Shall work an ill effect ;
By tempting me to act a Sin,
Or,Vertues to neglect.

HYMN LXXXVII.

A Thanksgiving for the Gofpell.

*The Gofpell of Iefus Chrift, is a meanes of the
greateft Bliffing, which was ever conferred on
Mankinde. Therefore,that we might be more
thankfull for it,then we have been heretofore, we
are moved thereunto,by this Hymn.*

Sing

Sing this as the 10. Commandments.

SOMtime, oh LORD! at least, in show,
 A thankfull heart, we do professe,
 When thou such Blessings dost bestow
 As outward Riches, Health, or Peace.
 But, for that *meanes* which may conduce
 Our Soules, to their true-Blisse, to raise,
 We make, not verie frequent use
 Of thankfull words, or *Hymns* of praise.
 2 When *Meads* are drown'd, or *Fields* are dry;
 When *Sword*, or *Sicknesse*, harme hath done,
 To thee for help, sometimes we cry;
 And thank thee, when those plagues are gone.
 But, for that Blessed meanes of Grace,
 Which we have long, at full enjoy'd;
 (In publike, or in private place)
 Few Thankfull voices are employ'd.
 3 How many foules, in *Errors* night,
 Sit fighting their sad hour's away!
 Whilst we enjoy, the *Gospels* light,
 And, therewithall, the wantons play!
 How many Nations be at strife,
 For that which we enjoy, at will?
 How many want that *Bread of life*,
 Which we do surfet on and spill?
 4 Oh GOD! Forgive this crying Sin.
 More wise, more thankfull let us grow,
 To mend this fault, let us begin:
 And, Grace obtain, more Grace to show.
 For,

Part. I. Hymn LXXXIII. 157

For, Corne, and Wine, and Oyles increafe ;
A Body-found ; a wittie-braine ;
A free Estate ; an outward Peace ;
Without this Blessing, were in vaine.
5 They, who observe the same shall see,
That, where these *Tidings* do not found ;
(Or where they shall abused be)
Inhumane cruelties abound :
Yea, we, who often have been school'd,
For hearing this blest *Voice*, in vaine,
Shall see our hopes, and wisdoms fool'd ;
If unrepentant we remaine.
6 Our feares therfore Deare GOD ! prevent ;
Keep thou thy *Gospel* in our Land :
Our Thanklesse, let us repent ;
And stedfast in thy *worship*, stand.
For, that thy blessed *Saving-word*,
Is purely preached in our Daies
We confesse it a *mercie*, LORD,
Which merits, endlesse *Hymns of praise*.

H Y M N L X X X I I I.

For deliverance from perfection,
and false Doctrine.

*The blind and bloody Times, in which our Fathers
lived, begin to be forgotten, at least to be so little
considered on, that some endeavour to make our de-
liverance from them, of little moment. To prevent
Therefore*

therefore the curse likely to follow such unthankfulness, this brieſe Hymn calls to mind that mercie.

Sing this as the. 22. Pſalme.

A Time ſo curſed once was here,
 That, *Error* bore the ſway ;
 And would not let the *Truth* appeare,
 Her falſhoods to gainſay.
 But whenſoever, ſhe was view'd
 Her pureneſſe to diſcloſe ;
 With Fire, and ſword, ſhe was purſu'd,
 By her malicious Foes.
 2 By cruell and ungodly men,
 The *Wells of Life*, were hid ;
 Or, by corruption poſſeſſed, then,
 Or, at the beſt forbid.
 And, they who took the greateſt paine,
 To keep thoſe Fountaines pure,
 Were either doomed to be ſlain
 Or thralldome to endure.
 3 We praife thee, LORD, that freed thou haſt
 This Land, from ſuch a curſe
 We praife thee that the dayes are paſt,
 Which thoſe things did inforce.
 And, humbly we, oh GOD, implore,
 Thoſe plagues may not returne,
 Which vext this Nation heretofore,
 And made our Fathers mourne.
 4 For *Senſeleſſes* of mercyes paſt
 Vnheeded uſhers in,

That

Part.1. Hymn LXXXIIII. 159

That *Thanklesse*, which brings, at last,
Obduratnesse in sin
Then, doth Obduratenesse beget
That damned, scornfull pride,
Which will at naught, Gods *mercy* set ;
And, *good-advise*, deride.

H Y M N L X X X I I I I.

A Coronation Hymn.

*God is hereby glorified for the Kings exaltation, and
implored to perfect his temporall dignitie, by mak-
ing it, a step to his eternall Glory, and by keeping
him a patron of Pietie and Vertue.*

L O R D, let thy pow'r protect the *King* ;
Make him his Trust on thee to place :
Of thy large Favours let him sing ;
And, build his *Glories*, on thy *Grace*.
 Confirme him on the Royall-Seat,
Whereto, advanced him thou hast ;
Let thy *Salvation* make him great ;
Vnto thy *Truth*, preserve him fast :
 And, make oh G O D ! his earthly *Throne*,
 An earnest of a heavenly Crowne.
2 Him, over us, for Good, appoint ;
Ground all his Lawes, on *Truth-divine* :
Let thy good *Spirit* him anoint ;
And, his *Commands*, conforme to Thine.
Of

Of *Soveraigntie*, give him the *Globe* :
 Of *Peace*, let him the *Scepter* bear:
 Make *Holineffe*, his royall *Robe* :
 The *wreathes* of *Iustice*, let him wear :
 And in upright, and pious waies,
 Observe, and serve thee, all his dayes.
 3 Him, honour so ; and him so crown ;
 Him, so invest ; and him so arme ;
 Him, so anoint ; him, so inthroned ;
 And by thy *word*, him so informe :
 That to thy *Glorie*, he may *Raigne* ;
 To his content, and for our peace :
 That *wickednesse* he may reſtraine,
 To virtuous *Pieties* encrease :
 And, that our *King*, oh LORD ! and we
 May to each other, *Blessings* be.

HYMN LXXXV.

A Funerall Song.

*This Hymn is intended to comfort the living, (whose
 Friends are deceased) by putting them in mind of
 the Refurrection, and of the happie Rest of those
 who die in the Faith of CHRIST.*

Sing this as the 10. Commandments

FORbear to shed excessive tears,
 Or mourne, as hopelesse Heathens do :
 For though this *Body* lost appears,
 Assured be, it is not so,

For,

For, that which now, corrupting lies,
In incorruption, shall arise.

2 I am the *Life* (our *Saviour* faith)
The *Resurrection*, is through me;
And whoſoer'e in me hath Faith,
Shall live againe, though dead he be:

For, no man ſhall, for ever die;
Who doth upon my word relie.

3 He that Redeemed me, doth live.
(By Faith, I know that this is true)
My G O D, this Body ſhall revive;
And in my Fleſh, I ſhall him view.

Ev'n theſe mine eyes; theſe eyes of mine,
Shall ſee his glory brightly ſhine.

4 We to the world do naked come,
We back again unclothed go,
And, it is G O D, alone, by whom
We poore are made, or wealthy grow.

And, we aſcribe unto his *name*,
Pow'r, praiſe, and glory, for the fame.

5 From Heav'n, a Voice came down to me,
And, this it will'd me to record;
From this time forward Bleſſed be
The *Dead* departing in the L O R D.

For, (as the Spirit hath expreſt)
They, from their Labours, are at reſt.

H Y M N

HYMN LXXXVI.

When a Soul is newly departed.

This Hymn comforts us in the death of our friends by offering to consideration the Miseries of this Life, and the happineſſe of the next. God is hereby praiſed alſo, for calling the Soul departed from this wretched Being; and beſought to haſten the accompliſhment of our felicity by the generall Reſurrection.

Sing this as the 23. Pſalme.

IF Joy be made, when men are born,
 To live on earth below,
 Why ſhould we vainly weep and mourn,
 When up to Heav'n they go?
 To Pains and Griefs, they hither come;
 And when they hence are gone,
 Thoſe Troubles they are eaſed from,
 Which here they did bemone.
 2 Impris'ned in a *Living-Grave*,
 The Soul, departed, lay:
 And, eaſe or quiet, could not have,
 Till call'd it was away.
 But, we, now, hope it is at reſt,
 In *Him*, from whom it came;
 And, of eternall Joyes poſſeſt:
 For which we praife his *Name*.

3 We

Part.1. Hymn LXXXVII. 163

3 We praise thee, for that *Being*, LORD,
And for that means of grace,
Which to that Soul thou didst afford,
In this inferiour place.
And, we, moreover, praise thee, now,
That, thou hast set it free,
From those Afflictions which below,
Avoided cannot be.
4 Oh LORD! be speedy to collect,
And hasten, full to make
The number of the *Souls Elect*,
That shall of Blisse partake.
That we and they, who in thy *Fear*,
And *Faith*, have liv'd and di'de ;
In *Soul* and *Body*, may appear
Where thou art Glorifi'd.

H Y M N L X X X V I I.

A Hymn of Instruction for Youth.

This is a pious Descant upon the 12. Chap. of Ecclesiastes, and wherein the young man is put in mind to Remember his Creator, before decrepit Age disables him : It offers to consideration the vanity and Transitoriness of the Beauty, Strength, and Pleasure, wherein youth delights.

TO those that in Folly,
Their youth do mispend,
And,

And mind not their *Maker*
 Till life shall have end,
 A Song Instruction,
 We now have begun,
 To warn them, and learn them,
 Destruction to shun.
 LORD, send them, to mend them,
 The gift of thy *Grace* ;
 And *Reason*, to season
 A Reasonlesse Race.
 2 Thou *Yongling*, whose glories,
 And Beauties, appear
 Like Sun shine, or Blossomes,
 In Spring of the year ;
 Whose vigorous Body,
 Whose Courage, and Wit,
 Are Jolly, and wholly
 Vnperished, yet ;
 Come neer me, and hear me
 Things future foretell ;
 Then, learn thou, Discern thou,
 The way to do well.
 3 Mispend not a Morning
 So lovely, so faire,
 A moment may rarest
 Perfections impaire.
 The *Noon-tide* of Life-time,
 Yeelds little delight ;
 And, Sorrow, on Sorrow,
 May follow ere *Night*.

Receive

Receive then, Believe then,
What now I declare;
Attend me, and lend me
A diligent ear.

4 Thy *Beauties*, and *Features*,
That grace thee this day,
To morrow, may perish,
And vanish away.

Thy *Riches*, and *Pleasures*,
Now precious to Thee,
My leave thee, deceive thee,
And comfortles be.

Now come then ; oh, Come then !
And learn to eschew

Those Errors, and Terrors,
Which else may ensue.

5 Thy *Joints* are yet nimble,
Thy *Sinewes* unslack ;

Thy *Marrow* unwasted,
Yet, strengthens thy back.

Youth ! keepeth Diseases
From crazing thy Brain ;

Blood rilleth and swelleth,
In every vein.

Imploy then, enjoy then
This vigour of thine,

In willing, fulfilling,
What God shall injoin.

6 Believe me, it will not
For ever be so.

Thy

Thy sturdy *Supporters*,
 Will staggering go.
 Thy *Shoulders* well shaped,
 And strong enough now,
 Vncomely, and homely,
 And weaker will grow.
 Then lengthen, and strengthen,
 Thy gifts by right use ;
 Possessing each Blessing,
 Still, free from abuse.
 7 Thy Beautifull *Forehead*
 Whereon we may view,
 Neat smoothnes and whitenes,
 Enamel'd with blew,
 Shall change that perfection
 Which youth yet maintains,
 To fallownes, hallownes,
 Wrinckles and Stains.
 Thy liking, and seeking
 Then, learn to bestow
 On Pleasures, and Treasures,
 That perish not so.
 8 Thine *Eares* are now list'ning
 For Heaven on Earth,
 And, nothing will please them
 But Musick and Mirth.
 And, to thy Corruption
 No Passage, or Strain,
 Seems better, or sweeter,
 Then that which is vain.

Oh

Oh ! borrow from sorrow,
Some penitent dew ;
Left, after much laughter,
More Sadnes ensue.
9 Thofe *Tresses*, whose curling
Thy Temples adorns,
Will Haffocks refemble
In winterly mornes.
And, where fresh Vermilion
Is mixed with Snow,
A fallow, and yellow
Complexion will flow.
The fuller the Colour,
The fouler the Stain.
Then boast not ; and trust not
In things that are vain.
10 Thine *Eies*, whose bright sparklings,
Thy Lovers admire,
(And, which with vain longings
Set thousands on fire)
Shall clofed in darknes
Vnusefull remain ;
And, never for ever,
See day-light again.
Then mind thou, oh mind thou
Thy *Maker* above :
Obferve him, and ferve him
If fafety thou love.
11 Thy *Mouth*, whose fair portall
Both wears, and inclofes

The

The colour and sweetnes
 Of Rubies and Rofes,
 Shall fo be transformed,
 That no man will care,
 Perceive,or believe,
 What perfection was there.
 Vain Creature,thy feature
 Then value not fo,
 Take pleafure,in meafure,
 As wifdome will do.
 12 Thy *Teeth*,that ftand firmly
 Like Pearles on a Row,
 Will rotten,and fcatter'd,
 Diforderly grow.
 Thy *Lips*,whose neat motions,
 Great wonders have wrought ;
 Shall flaver, and quaver,
 And,lothfome be thought.
 Then,ever endeavor
 Thofe things to efchew ;
 Whence,nothing,but lothing,
 At laft,will enfue.
 13 Thy *Fancie*,that fings thee
 Vain Dreams of delight ;
 Hereafter,will bring thee
 A comfortleffe night :
 And,thou,who yet heedft not
 How Time,comes,or goes,
 (With care) wilt give ear,
 To each Cockrell that crows.

Thy

Thy leasure in pleasure,
Then do not mispend ;
Foreflowing, well-doing,
Till *Time* hath an end.
14 Then, Thou who to thousands
Do'st gracious appear,
To no man shalt either
Be welcome or dear :
Which, when thou perceivest,
Thy Life, unto Thee
Vnpeacefull, diseasfull,
And lothsome will be.
No pow'r of our,
This Judgement can shun ;
Till duly, and truly
Our Duties be done.
15 Thy Lusts, and thy Pleasures,
(Yet, hard to forgoe)
Will leave thee, and leave thee,
In sorrow and woe.
And, then, in what pleasure
Content canst thou have ?
Of what Rest, be possesst,
But a desolate Grave ?
Youths Folly, unholy
Learn, therefore, to shun,
And ever persevere
In what should be done.
16 For, when this Lifes vapours
Are breathed away,

I

Thy

170 *Hymn LXXXVIII. Part. I:*

Thy Flesh, new so cherish'd
 Will rot into clay.
 And, thy best beloved
 Thy Body may throw,
 Where none, thereupon,
 Compassion bestow.
 Then, leaving, deceiving
 Contentments to tast,
 Prevent and Repent
 What affected thou hast.
 17 A worse thing remaineth,
 Then, yet, hath been said ;
 If reall Amendment
 Too long be delay'd.
 The pains which hereafter,
 On Sinners attend,
 Last ever, and ever,
 And, never have end.
 Then approving, and loving,
 The Truth, I have sung,
 Remember thy Maker,
 Ev'n whilst thou art yong.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

For our Benefactors.

*We are hereby put in mind to consider why God is
 otherwhile pleas'd to make us beholding to the cha-
 rity of other men for necessary things ; and God is
 here*

*here prayed also for this providence, and prayed to
reward our Benefactors.*

Sing this as the 100. Psalm.

When we have all things of our own,
Whereby our Wants may be suppli'd;
Much carlesnes is often shewn,
And, far lesse thankfulness then pride.

More humble, therefore, me to make;
(And that I more discreet may grow)

Things needfull, I somtimes do lack,
Till others them on me bestow.

2 And when my temper, LORD, I heed,
(Though Flesh and Blood thereat repine)
I find that I did greatly need
This loving providence of thine.

Yea, peradventure, if lesse poore,
In outward things I had been made;
I, other waies, had wanted more,
And much lesse comfort might have had.

3 I thank thee, therefore, that my share,
Thou hast committed to their Trust,
Who so good husbands of it are,
And, in their *Stewardship* so just.

Preserve them, LORD, for ever such;
And, as my Comforters they be,
So, when they need, be thou as much
To them, as they have been to me.

4 Their liberality repay
With such endowments of the mind,

I 2

And

And such Contentments, ev'ry way,
That, they true Blessednes may find.

And, LORD, of thine especial grace,
This, pleased be, likewise to grant;
That, I in *Vertues*, may possesse,
What, I in things-externall, want.

HYMN LXXXIX.

A Hymn against Pride.

*Pride is one of the spirituall-wickednesses, which
aspires to high-places; and is most dangerous, be-
cause it usually enters when the house is cleansed
from the grosser corruptions that pollute the Flesh.
If this Charme be not strong enough to expell it,
use Prayer and Fasting.*

Sing this as the 4. Psalm.

Beware my Heart, thou cherish not
This high aspiring Sin,
By which that *Devill* was begot,
Who brought all mischiefs in.
For, first by *Pride* those *Angels* fell,
Who (not with Heav'n content)
Inhabit, now the *Depths of Hell*,
By Justice, thither sent.

2 LORD, thou thy self didst them oppose,
Who lofty-minded be.

Protest

Profest thou art, a Foe to those,
 And, they are Foes to thee.
 Their Pride, therefore, thou do'st abase,
 Their Plumes thou pullest down :
 And set'st the *humble* in that place
 From which their Pride is thrown.
 3 My *God* ! possession of my heart,
 If this foul *Fiend* hath gain'd,
 (Which I much fear he hath in part,
 Through my default obtain'd)
 Displace him thence, and let that Room,
 Be hallow'd so by Thee,
 That, he no more may thither come,
 Nor any such as he.

H Y M N X C.

Against Feare.

Feare, is a Passion, which being moderated, is very necessary : And if it exceed the meane, becomes a Plague depriving of many Comforts ; and beginning our miseries before their time. This Hymn therefore acquaints us with the nature of this Passion, and imploereth assistance against the same.

Sing this as the 25. Psalm.

D^{Ve} *Fear*, becomes us well ;
 And God ordain'd the same
 I 3 To

To be a faithfull Sentinell,
To watch what perils came.
A Heart, that feels no Fear
Lies ope to many harmes ;
And, they that over-fearfull are,
Are kil'd by false *Alarm's*.
2 L O R D, be thou pleas'd, therefore,
My Heart to temper so,
That, I may fear, nor lesse, nor more,
Then wise men ought to do.
So (being nor amaz'd,
Nor dull, through want of Sense)
Nought shall omitted be, or caus'd,
To hinder my Defence.
3 By false, and servile *Fear*,
Afflictions we begin
Before their time; and mischiefs rear,
Which else had never bin.
Yea, what might wear away,
Or, be with ease endur'd ;
Growes thereby, more then beare we may,
And, hardly to be cur'd.
4 For, when the heart of Man
Is, once thereby possest,
No mortall Pow'r expell it can,
Or give that Party rest.
Thy Pow'r, oh L O R D, above,
Can from this Tirant save;
That, me therefore, he ceaze not on,
Thine Aid, alone, I crave.

H Y M N

HYMN XCI.

Against Despaire.

*Sometime good Christians (though not overcome of
such an evil) are strongly tempted unto Despaire.
Therefore, that such as feel any motions, this way,
may be warned and assisted, to resist the Devill in
his first attempts, inclining to this hellish Passion;
We prepared this Hymn.*

Sing this as Te Deum.

WHAT hellish Doubt / what cursed Fear,
Is that which now begins,
Vnto my Conscience to appear?
And threats me for my Sins?
In me methinks I somewhat feel,
My heart, oppressing so,
That *Faith* and *Hope* begin to reel,
And faint my *Spirits* grow.
2 Assist me, LORD! for I perceive
My *Ghossly-Foe* intends
Of that *Affurance* to bereave,
Whereon my Soul depends.
He whispers to my troubled mind,
Suggestions of *Despaire*;
And, fayer, I shall no mercy find,
Though I to thee repair.

I 4

3 But

3 But all untruth in him is found,
 And *Truth* it selfe doth say ;
 That, Thou in *Mercy* dost abound
 And hearest those that pray.
 Oh ! hear me, L O R D ! oh hear me now,
 And (since my G O D, thou art)
 Against *Despaire*, enable Thou,
 My much oppressed heart.
 4 Say to my Soul, thou art her Friend,
 Her Comfort, and her Aide.
 From those Distresses me defend,
 Which make me now afraid.
 For, weake, and sick, and faint, alas !
 My *Faith* begins to be ;
 And L O R D, without thy saving-grace,
 There is no hope for me.
 5 My *Sinns* before my face appear,
 In their most lothsome Dresse,
 My *Conscience* tells me *when*, and *where*,
 And *how* I did transgresse.
 Thy *Law* declares, what for my sins,
 Thy *Justice* did foredoome ;
 And, *Sathan* layes a thousand Gins,
 That snar'd, I may become.
 6 That *Hell* which in my soule I find,
 Is to my friends unknowne.
 The world her owne affaires doth mind
 And leaves me oft alone ;
 And, but that I to Thee, as yet,
 Remember to repaire.

My

My Passions would in me beget
 A mercileffe Despaire.
 7 Preserve, oh LORD ! preserve in me,
 (And all men,thus oppress)
 A hopefull heart to seek from thee,
 Our much desired Rest.
 And,still,when *Satan* snares doth lay,
 To work our overthrow,
 Still,frustrate what he doth assây ;
 And,stronger make us grow.

H Y M N X C I I.

V When Oppressors and wicked men flourish.

*Many Godly men (as was David) are much troubled
 and offended to see Tyrants and wicked persons
 prosper in the world, to the oppressing of Innocents,
 &c. Therefore this Hymn is provided to comfort
 such ; and to preserve them patient in times of Op-
 pression.*

MY heart,why art thou sad ?
 V Why art thou pierced thorow ?
 And wherefore art thou Joylesse made,
 By causelesse *Fear* and *Sorrow* ?
 Or why should'st thou repine,
 (As helplesse,and unblest)
 Because in *Honours* Orbe,they shine,
 By whom thou art oppressed ?

I 5 2 V What

2 What though thou hast perceiv'd
That Ryot, Pride, and Folly,
Have of their needfull dues bereav'd
Endevours Good, and Holy?
And, what though thou observe
Vnworthy men ennobled?
When they which better things deserve,
Are for well-doing troubled?
3 Thereat, repine thou not;
Nor this vain Fancie cherish;
That *Righteousnes*, is quite forgot,
Because the wicked flourish.
But, with a constant mind,
In *doing-well* persevere;
And, profit, thou, e're long shalt find
In thy upright endeavour.
4 The *Righteous* for a space,
By troubles are depressed;
That, so, the precious Fruits of Grace,
May be the more increased.
And, carnall men obtain,
The Portions they have chused;
That, they, at last, may know with pain,
What Blessings they refused.
5 To seek, thou shalt not need,
By searching Times preceding,
Or ghesse what will on them succeed,
By hear-say, or by Reading:
For, if thou patient be,
By *Sight* shall proof be gained,

In

In more, then *One*, or *Two*, or *Three*)

What is for such ordain'd.

6 *Perdition*, they bestride ;

Yet can they not perceive it :

Therefore, Good-Counsell they deride,

And, injure them who give it.

For which, ev'n in their height,

Of Glories, and of Pow'r,

They see their Hope, destroyed quite,

And perish't in one hou'r.

7 This day (like *Phar'oh's* Hoast :

(Poore harmles men pursuing)

Of their large pow'rs they proudly boast,

No sign of terror shewing.

Anon (with fear enough)

They feel their kingdome falling.

Their *Plumes*, and *Charriot-Wheels* fly off,

And, they in mud, are sprawling.

8 Then, vex no more my heart,

Because a Tyrant thriveth.

And, that whil'st thou oppress'd art,

Thy Foe, in Honour liveth.

But, thine own waies observe ;

And, so let them be fram'd,

That whatsoever some deserve,

We may remain unblam'd.

9 For what will it availe,

In Courtes to persever ;

Whereby men Joy but for a while,

And then lament for ever ?

Or

Or, why should he complaine
 Who, for a scratch, procureth
 That health and fastie to obtaine,
 Which evermore endureth?

HYMN XCIII.

For remission of a particular Sin.

*This penitentiall-Ode expresth a hearty and
 passionate sorrow, for a particular sin, with an
 humble, and earnest desire of pardon; and is offered
 to help stirre up those affections, when occasion is
 offered.*

OH LORD! in sorrow and distresse,
 To thee, I now draw neer;
 My late offences to confesse,
 In humble hope, and fear.
 Mine Errors, That, to Thee
 With Terrors, Or, fro Thee,
 Perplexe, I know
 And vexed Not how
 Me fo To go.
 2 But, having heard, and often found,
 That, thou art he, in whom
 Compassion, alwaies doth abound;
 To sue for Grace, I come.
 Nor chide thou, But hear me,
 Nor hide thou, And clear me;
 Thy

Thy Face	Now I
Or Grace	Thus cry
From me.	To thee.
3 Till fully pleas'd with me thou art;	
And till I may obtaine	
A Look to re-assure my heart,	
That, thou art pleas'd again :	
Nor Treasure,	But, double
Nor pleasure,	The Trouble
Will ease	Which made
Or please	Me sad
Me more.	Before.
4 What needst Thou LORD, prolong thy	
To barr me of my Rest ?	(wrath
Enough, a guiltie conscience hath,	
My Torments to encrease.	
It smites me,	Releeve me ;
It frights me,	And, give me
Oh LORD,	Thy peace,
Afforde	To cease
Releefe.	My Griefe.
5 I have too often heretofore,	
Been many wayes to blame ;	
And, have obtained, evermore,	
Remission for the same.	
Yea, wholly,	When blamed,
And fully,	And shamed,
Thou hast	I might
Releas't	(By right)
My Sin ;	Have bin.

6 Yet

182 *Hymn XCIIII. Part.I.*

6 Yet LORD, Forgive ; forgive againe,
 Though I unworthy be:
 For, *Mercy* doth to thee pertaine,
 As much as *wrath* to me.
 Remit thou, The greater
 Forget thou The debtor
 My crime, Thy praise
 This time, Hee'l raise
 Therefore. The more.

H Y M N X C I I I I.

For Remission of sin in generall.

*This Hymn is a brief confession of sin, and a prayer
 for pardon for the same. And it was prepared, to
 assist their devotion who need such helps ; and to be
 a Remembrancer to those who need them not.*

Sing this as the.22.Psalme.

HOW many LORD!/how foule!/how great!
 Do my offences grow?
 How have I multipl'd the debt,
 Which unto Thee I owe?
 Though ev'ry day, thou dost forgive,
 And wipe great Summs away,
 Yet, ev'ry day, I do perceive
 New Summs, new Scores to pay.

2 A

2 A *Debt* my *Parents* left on me,
 Which (far) my *Stock* exceeds :
 And, though it pardned were by Thee,
 Much *Trouble*, still, it breeds.
 For,thence, my *flesh* occasion takes,
 That *Fancies* to admit ;
 Which, of those *Longings*, guiltie makes,
 That *Active-Sins*, beget.
 3 And, when a *Sin* is once begun,
 That sin brings others on,
 The punishments or shame, to shun,
 Which follow'd thereupon :
 Till so encreast Offences are,
 And, *Grace* defaced so
 That we have neither Shame nor Fear,
 Nor sense, of what we do.
 4 L O R D, that my *Sins* may never come,
 To this accursed height ;
 And, at the last, exclude me from
 Thy *Grace*, and *Favour*, quite
 I come to Thee (while *Time* I have,
 And *Leave*, and *heart* to pray)
 Discharge, for all those faults to crave,
 Wherein I walke astray.
 5 By *nature*, so unsound, and base,
 My *State*; my *Tenures* be ;
 That, for a new estate of *Grace*,
 I,now, petition Thee.
 Ev'n that which my *Redeemer* bought ;
 And sealed with his *Blood*.

For

For though my other *Deeds* be nought,
 This *Deed*, I know, is good.
 6 This *Deed* I plead ; and by this *Deed*,
 Would that *Estate* renew,
 Which through my *Deeds*, is forfeited,
 Vnlesse, Thou Favour shew.
 LORD, now, and whenfoe're I shall
 Plead, what is mention'd now :
 With a *Release of Errors*, all,
 My *Plea*, do thou allow.
 7 I guilty am, of many Crimes,
 Which I did fore-intend :
 And, twenty thousand, Thousand Times,
 I heedlesly offend :
 But, since *my self* I do condemn,
 And seek my *Peace* in Thee ;
 Oh ! let compassion cover them,
 That, they condemn not me.
 8 Blot all my Sins out of the *Book*,
 By my *Accusers* writ.
 Vpon my Follies do not look ;
 My youthfull Crimes remit.
 My publike Faults remember not ;
 My Secret Failings, hide :
 And, let not Mercy be forgot,
 Thy Servant, though thou chide.
 9 Yea, though small-feeling of my Sins,
 My *Fleshly-Nature* hath,
 Till she by some event begins
 To feel, or fear thy wrath :

Yet,

Yet, since, in *Spirit*, I am still
 Lamenting for the same,
 Impute not unto me that *Ill*,
 For which, I merit blame.

HYMN XCV.

Against the *World*, the *Flesh*, and the *Devil*,

*This Hymn craveth assistance against the VWorld,
 the Flesh, and the Devill, our most pernicious
 Adversaries: And perhaps the devout use thereof
 may be a means to make us become so heedfull of
 their Natures, that their Temptations may be
 the better avoided.*

Sing this as Te Deum.

BLeft *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghost*,
 One GOD, in *Persons-three*,
 VVhat is there, whereof man can boast?
 Except thy *Love* it be?
 And, save this *Anti-trinitie*,
 The *World*, the *Flesh*, the *Devil*,
 VVhat Foe, on our *Humanitie*,
 Hath pow'r to bring an *Evill*?
 2 Those, though on them, three *Names* they
 (And, things *Distinct* appear) (take
 Do but one *Perfect-evil* make,
 And, *Fellow-workers* are.

For,

For, take but *One* of them away,
 And, then, the other *two*,
 Accomplish not, what else, they may
 By their *damn'd-Vnion*, do.
 3 To curb the *Flesh*, and to controule
 The *World*, and all things there,
 Was no great hardship to the *Soul*,
 Till *Satan* did appear.
 Yea, *Satan*, and the *World* had plaid
 Their pranks on Man, in vain;
 Had they not by his *Flesh* affaid,
 Their purpose to obtain.
 4 Without that wanton *Dalilah*,
 (Our nearest dearest kin)
 Their cunning is not worth a Straw,
 Their hoped prize to win.
 And, if she may, by Grace, be brought
 Her Falshoods to repent,
 The other *two*, shall harme us nought,
 What ever they invent.
 5 LORD, Arme us by thy *Triple-pow'r*;
 So, charme us by thy *Grace*;
 So watch their practise ev'ry hou'r,
 (In ev'ry secret place)
 That, they may no Advantage have
 To take us in their Gin;
 To fright, to mischief, or deceive,
 By tempting us to Sin.
 6 The *World* reform, the *Devil* restrain,
 The *Flesh* so mortifie;
 That,

That, we the Blisse may re-obtain,
 From which, they put us by.
 Let not our *Frailties*, or the Spight
 Of our malicious *Foe*,
 Act more against us, then thy *Might*,
 And *Love*, shall for us do.
 7 But, since that *Grace* from thee proceeds,
 Which doth renew our *Will*;
 LORD, ripen it, into those *Deeds*,
 Which thy Commands fulfill.
 At least, let this our *Willingnes*,
 Accepted be so well;
 That, thy Imputed Righteousnes,
 Our Failings may conceal.

H Y M N X C V I.

Against Sin, and the first suggestions
 thereunto.

*This Hymn putteth us in mind to kill the Cocatrice
 in the Egge, and not to give willing way to the
 least appearances, or beginnings of evill, lest, an un-
 resistable Deluge of Sin, break in upon us.*

Sing this as the former.

TAKE heed, my Heart, how thou let in,
 (With approbation or Delight)
 The

The first Suggestions unto Sin.

Or, count the smallest *Error*, sleight.

For, Entrance if that ever shall

Vnto those *Vipers* heads permit ;
(Without perchance) their Bodies all
Soon after, in, with ease will get.

2 If *Avarice* begin to sprout,
(Though first it crave but needfull things)

The Root and Branch it will put out,
From whence all Sin, and mischief springs.

And, they who, at the first, had thought

A Competence alone to crave ;

To vast Defires, at last are brought :

And, know not when enough they have.

3 With *wanton Thoughts*, if thou shalt play,
(Though thou as Good as *David* art)

Adulteries, and Murthers, may

Obtain possession of thy heart.

For, *Lustfull-musings* will proceed

To *words-unclean* ; and they do soon

Alure to ev'ry lothsome *Deed*,

Which by Vnchastity is done.

4 If *Sloth* begin on us to cease,

At first, perhaps, it will pretend,

But to desire, a needfull ease,

The tired *Body* to befriend.

Yet, if unheedfull we shall grow,

We peradventure, may e're long,

Or lose, or hide, or misbestow,

Our Talents, to our *Masters* wrong.

5 Moreover,

5 Moreover,if we take not care
 Aright,our *Liberties* to use ;
 The *Creatures*,which our hearts may chear,
 We,to our mischief shall abuse.
 For,he whose Robes are alwaies gay,
 Doth probably oppresse the more ;
 And,He that feasteth ev'ry day,
 VVill give but little to the poore.
 6 VVhen to be *Froward*,we begin,
 A slender fault we reckon that :
 Yet,*Anger* thereby,enters in ;
 And,somtime *Anger* lets in *Hate*.
 From *Hate*,we quickly do commence,
 Maliciously inclin'd to be ;
 And,may become,by that offence,
 Offenders,in the high'st Degree.
 7 If we our *Brethrens* gifts envy,
 We may(as *Iosephs* brethen did)
 Our own Indowments lose thereby :
 And,from bad things,to worse proceed.
 Yea,those *Affections* which restrain'd
 VVithin their Bounds Praise-worthy be,
 Let loose,or overslackly rain'd
 May by degrees,our mischief be.
 8 Therefore,my Soul,*fast*,*watch* and *pray*,
 The *Sins* and *Engines* to avoid,
 VVhich to intrap thee,in the way
 Thine Adversary hath imploy'd.
 And take thou heed,thou let not in,
 VVith approbation,or delight,

The

The first Allurements unto Sin ;
Or, count the smallest Error sleight.

HYMN XC VII.

When our Fancies affright us, with Illusions, or
dreadfull Apparitions.

Though few are disposed to sing, when they are terrified with fearfull Visions ; yet, some have that Christian Stoutnesse; and they who attain not to it, may perhaps be strengthened by meditating this Charme, either amidst their Terrors, or before they appeare.

Blesse me, oh G O D ! and be thou near
To help me at this dreadfull hou'r.
My Heart confirm against my Fear,
And, guard me by thy *Saving pow'r*.

I feel my *Flesh* begins to quake ;
But, thou my Spirit strengthned hast ;
My Heart in Thee doth Courage take ;
Vnto thy Grace, it cleaveth Fast.

Whereof, since I assured am,
My *Foe*, thus charge I, in thy *Name*.

2 Foul *Fiend* avoid, and carry hence,
Those vain Impostures, wherewithall
Thou seekest to delude my *Sense*,
And bring my *Reason* into thrall.

The

The *Father, Son, and Holy-ghost*,
(One blessed G O D, in *Persons three*)
Whose Favour, justly, thou hast lost,
Commands thy absence, now by me.

Depart, and for thy frightfull shoves,
Expresse his wrath unto his Foes.

3 By that great G O D, who did not scorn
Our *Nature* ; but the same hath took :

By *Him*, that of a *Maid* was born ;
By *Him*, whose pow'r thy head hath broke :

By *Him*, that for my Ransome di'de ;
By *Him*, that conquer'd *Death*, and *Hell* ;

By *Him*, who now is glorifi'd,
Where all the blessed *Holies* dwell :

By *Him*, I charge that thou forbear
To Harm, or put my Heart in Fear.

4 Depart with all those *Bug-bear Sighs*,
Whereby thou dost abuse our Sense,
Depart, with all the curfed Sleights,
Whereby thou givest us offence.

Depart, with all those craftie Gins,
Whereby thy malice doth assay,
To tempt us to those damned Sins,
Which, to destruction, are the way.

Depart thou to thy *Heards of Swine* ;
And, trouble thou, nor me, nor mine.

H Y M N

HYMN XCVIII.

For one that hears himself much praised.

As Praise is a spur to Vertue ; so it may poison us with pride, and puffe us up with selfe-conceit, if it be not warily and modestly entertained. Therefore, this Hymn, sheweth with what mulings, we should prevent such effects, when we are commended.

Sing this as the 4. Psalm.

MY Sins, and Follies, LORD, by thee,
 From others hidden are,
 That, such good words are spoke of me,
 As, now and then I hear :
 For sure if others knew me such,
 Such as *my Self*, I know ;
 I should have bin disprais'd as much
 As I am praised, now.
 2 By me, some Good, perhaps hath bin
 Perform'd in publike view :
 But, what corruptions are within,
 Asham'd I am to shew.
 My brutish Lusts, my secret Pride,
 My Follies, yet unshewn ;
 (Which from thy sight, I cannot hide)
 To others, are unknown ;
 3 The *Praise*, therefore, which I have heard
 Delights not so my mind,

As

As those things make my heart afeard,
Which in my self I find.
And, I had rather to be blam'd,
So I were blameles made,
Then for much Vertue to be fam'd,
When I no Vertues had.
4 Though Slanders to an Innocent,
Sometimes do bitter grow,
Their bitternes procures content,
If clear himself he know.
And when a vertuous man hath err'd;
If prais'd himself, he hear,
It makes him grieve, and more afeard,
Then if he slandered were.
5 LORD, therefore, make my Heart upright,
What e're my Deeds do seem;
And, righteous rather, in thy fight;
Then in the World's esteem:
And, if ought good appear to be
In any Act of mine;
Let thankfulness be found in me,
And, all the praise be thine.

H Y M N X C I X.

For one being Slandred.

Herein the bitterness of a slanderous Tongue is perfectly illustrated, and the party grieved is put in mind to whom he should seek for comfort; and by what means he may be best comforted in such an Affliction.

K

Sing

Sing this as the former.

SO sharp and bitter be the wrongs
Which I do now, sustain
By slanderous and malicious Tongues,
That, needs I must complain.
The keenest *Razour* cuts not so :
The *Vipers* poysoned sting,
If that it be compar'd thereto,
Will seeme a harmlesse thing.
2 For, these can but the Body slay ;
The other (more to blame)
Therewith, oft likewise, takes away,
The life of honest Fame.
Yea, many times it makes a *Saint*,
Impatient to appear ;
And, in his Trials, almost faint,
Their stinging words to hear.
3 How then oh *God* ! how can I chuse,
But fear, or faint out-right ?
When slanderous Tongues my name abuse
Through malice and despight ?
Since, though of that, I guiltlesse am,
Which to my charge they lay ;
My Conscience finds I was to blame
As much, another way.
4 LORD, hide me from their bitter Tongues,
Els, hidden let me be
From mine own Self, and from the wrongs
Which have been done by me.
For,

For, I confesse, that, now and then,
 (In earnest or in Jest)
 I utter things of other men,
 Not fit to be exprest.

5 Sometime, through lightnesse, I relate,
 What *Love* would not reveal;
 And pleased am, to here out that,
 Which Malice, loves to tell.

Nay, more then *once*, or *twice*, (I fear)
 Through Envie, I have spoke,
 Invidious things, which doubtfull were,
 And, up, on Trust, were tooke.

6 Repay not LORD, my Guiltinesse,
 According to desert;
 Since, now, mine errors I confesse,
 With true repenting heart.

But, let the *slanders* and disgrace,
 Which causelesse, *He* did bide,
 Who by no Sin defiled was;
 My Shame, and Follies hide.

7 So, by his meeke *Example* taught,
 And, by his *Justice* clear'd;
 These Rumors I shall set at naught,
 Which I have greatly fear'd:

And, rather labour to retain
 Vprightnesse, in my wayes,
 Then, care to take, what *Fooles* will fame;
 Or, what a *Villain* sayes.

HYMN C.

For one delivered from deserved *Shame*.

It is not one of the least Mercies to be delivered from open Shame, as appears by those, who have heaped one Sin upon another, and at last laid violent hands on themselves, to avoid Shame. Therefore, we ought to be more thankfull for this Favour, and to remember us thereof, this Hymn is tendred.

Sing this as the 25. Psalm.

HAd not, oh LORD, thy Grace,
Vouchsafe'd my *Vaile* to be,
Shame and confusion of my Face,
Had overwhelmed me.
For, though thy *Mercies* hid
The Follies, I have wrought;
I do confesse, those things I did
Which me to Shame had brought.
2 For, sometimes, all alone,
Sometimes, with others, too
Those wicked things, by me are done,
Which few suspect I do.
Nay, otherwhile, perchance,
Of Crimes I guiltie am,
Where by, my credit I advance,
Whil'st others bear the blame.

3 Just

3 Just cause have I to grieve
That by my secret Sin,
I those deceive, who do believe
My hands have cleaner bin.
And, though my Fault none know;
Thereat I am so griev'd;
That, I the *Shame* could undergo,
From *Guilt*, to be repriv'd.
4 But, doubtles, to reveal
What thou do'st overpasse;
And, what thy Mercy doth conceal,
Were to despise thy Grace.
Therefore, I doe accept,
(With meek, and thankfull heart)
The Credit, thou for me hast kept,
Beyond my due Defart.
5 And for thy Favour-sake
Vouchsaf'd, in this to me;
I will more heed, hereafter, take
How, clear I ought to be.
Oh! help me to fulfill,
This purpose of my mind;
And, though I fail to do thy *Will*,
L O R D, fail not to be kind.

HYMN CI.

For one whose Beautie is much praised.

Beautie is a temporarie Blessing, which bringeth advantages and disadvantages, according to their disposition, who possesse it. Therefore this Hymn remembers those, who are beloved or commended, for that endowment; so to behave themselves, that God may receive glory thereby, and that it may not become harmfull to themselves, or others.

Sing this as the Magnificat.

I Well perceive, that GOD hath limb'd
 My brittle *Body*, so,
 And, so my *Face* with Features trim'd,
 That, thanks, therefore, I owe :
 For, though myself to overprize,
 I, apt enough may be ;
 Yet, what I am, (by others eies)
 I, somewhat rightly, see.
2 I do confesse, it cheeres my minde,
 That, I those Beauties have,
 Whereby my Self belov'd I finde,
 Where love, my heart would crave :
 And, I suspect the grief had been
 Too great for me to bear,
 Had I my self, so loathed seen,
 As, oft, my Betters are.

3 There-

- 3 Therefore, my G O D ! I were too blame
 If Thee I praised not,
For making me, the same I am ;
 And, pleased with my Lot.
It is no blessing of the least :
 Nor unbeseems it me
That, thus in private, I confesse,
 What I receiv'd from Thee.
- 4 For *Beautie*, is an *Oratour*,
 Which pleads with so much grace,
That, to prevaile, it hath a pow'r,
 Almost, in ev'ry place.
It creeping through the *Lovers* eies,
 Takes *prisoner*, now and than,
A greater, and a fairer prize,
 Then *Wealth*, and *Wisdome* can.
- 5 I boast of no such *Braves* as these ;
 But, this I truly say,
It makes me with more Joy, and ease,
 To passe my Youth away.
And, yet, I know, tis but a *Flowre*,
 Now, faire to look upon ;
And, in the compasse of an houre,
 Defaced quite, and gone.
- 6 L O R D, give me grace to prize it so,
 (And neither more nor lesse)
As *wisdome* would ; and hallow, too,
 The Features I possesse ;
That, I may minde how fraile, and thin,
 Those outward *Beauties* are,

K 4

Which

Which reach not half way through the skin ;
Nor long continue there.

7 My Reason, teach thou, to apply
Her utmost pow'r, and wit,

Mine *Inside*, so to beautifie,
That, I thy love may get.

Let me not proudly tyrannize,
Where I belov'd shall be ;
Nor those discomfort, or despise,
Who lesse adorned be.

8 Let not my *Beauties* be a mean
Mine own base Lusts to feed ;
Nor others tempt, to an unclean,
Or an uncomely deed.

But, make my Conversation such,
Oh LORD ! (I thee implore)
That, they, who like my *Beauty*, much,
May love my *Vertues*, more.

9 So, when my Fleshly Form doth fade,
I shall not grieve my Heart,
That, things, but for a season made,
In their due *Time* depart.

But, I shall rather joyfull grow,
To feel my *Soul* put on
That, which, will make a fairer show,
Then *Flesh* and *Blood* have done.

H Y M N

HYMN CII.

For one upbraided with Deformitie.

To some this is a very great Affliction, and they who are sensible of other mens Passions, will not thinke it impertinently added ; if this Hymn be inserted, to comfort such as are upbraided, or afflicted through their bodily defects, in this kind ; and to instruct their Despisers.

Sing this, as the former.

LORD, though I murmur not, at thee,
 For that in others Eies,
 I, so deformed, seem to be,
 That, me, they do despise :
 Yet, their contempt, and their disdain
 My heart afflicteth so,
 That for mine ease, I now complain,
 My secret grief, to shew.
 2 Thou know'st, oh GOD ! it was not I,
 Who did this Bodie frame,
 On which they cast a scornfull eie ;
 By whom I flouted am.
 Thou know'st likewise, it was not *they*,
 VVho did their Bodies make ;
 Although on my defects to play,
 Occasions, oft they take.
 K 5 3 Then,

3 Then, why should they have Love, or Fame,
For what they have not done ?
Or, why should I have scorn or shame,
For what I could not shun ?
Thy workmanship, I am, oh LORD,
Though they do me deride :
And, thou, by what they have abhorr'd,
Are, some way, glorify'd.
4 Therefore, since thou this way hast chose,
To humble me on Earth.
My Imperfections now dispose,
To help my *second Birth*.
Let me in Thee contentment find :
And, lovely make thou me,
By those perfections of the *Mind*,
Which dearest are to Thee.
6 Since, *Features* none, in me appear,
To win a *fleshly Love* ;
Let those, which priz'd by others are,
My passions never move.
But, quench thou, all those youthfull Fires,
Which in my breast do burn ;
And, all my Lusts, and vain Desires,
To sacred *motions*, turn.
So, though in secret grief, I spend
The Life that nature gave ;
I, shall have comforts, in the end,
And, gain a blessed Grave ;
From whence, the *Flesh* which now I wear,
In glory, shall arise ;
And,

And, fully beautifide appear,
In all beholders eyes.

H Y M N C I I I.

For one Legally censured, whether
justly or unjustly.

This Hymn instructeth us to beare patiently our Legall censures, whether justly or unjustly pronounced; because to Godward, we are alwaies offenders, though sometimes we are unjustly condemned by Men.

Sing this as the 4 Psalme.

Why should my heart repine at those,
By whom I censur'd am?
Why should I take them as my Foes,
By whom I suffer blame?
Were they lesse Just, and, I more cleare,
Yet, Righteous were my doome;
Since, greater plagues deserved are,
Then are upon me come.
2 If God should bring my secret Crimes,
And all my faults to light;
My Censure doubled fortie times,
Were fiftie times, too light.
And, therefore, I with patience bear
The pain upon me brought:
And, will hereafter, more beware
To do the things I ought.

3 For

3 For whether they who urg'd the *Lawes*,
 Vpright or partiall were,
 They are not, LORD, th'*Efficient-cause*,
 Of that, which I do bear.
 They are but *Instruments* for Thee,
 Thy righteous *Will*, to doe.
 I pardon *Them*. To *them*, and *me*,
 Vouchsafe thy pardon too.

*If the party be guilty, let this following verse be sung
 next after the second verse.*

L O R D, I confesse, I have abus'd
 Thy Justice and thy grace ;
 And, was deservedly accus'd,
 For what, condemn'd I was.
 Yet, since my Faults I doe repent,
 Accepted let me be :
 And, having born the punishment,
 The Guilt forgive to me.

*If the party be guiltlesse, let this last verse be left out,
 and this repeated in stead thereof.*

I am not guiltie of the Deed
 For which accus'd I stood :
 Yet, of *Correction*, I had need,
 And, this may do me good.
 Affliction is not fent in vain ;
 Nor, causlesly begins ;
 But, strives to keep off greater pains,
 Or, to prevent some Sins.

H Y M N

HYMN CIIII.

After a great Loffe.

*We are hereby remembered to take our Losses patiently,
considering that we deserve not that which is left :
and (trusting in Gods providence and love) we
leave all things to his good pleasure, without repi-
ning.*

Sing this as, In sad and Afflie weeds.

THe Talents we possesse,
By G O D's free bountie, we enjoy,
And, he doth curse or bleffe,
As, *Well*, or *Jll*, we them imploy.

He gives and takes,
As best it makes
To further his intents.
And, to fulfill
His blessed *Will*,
Each faithfull Soul assents.

² In part, I am bereft
Of what his Love on me bestow'd :
And, yet, in what is left,
Great Favour, he to me hath show'd.

For, if my Store
Should be no more
Then my deserts have been.
One in distresse
More comfortlesse,
On earth should not be seen.

3 Which

3 Which when my heart well weighs,
 There is no grudging in my mind :
 But, G O D I rather praise
 For what remaineth yet behind,
 Yea, though for all,
 He please to call,
 I'll freely let it go ;
 And trust, that He
 (As need shall be)
 Will usefull things bestow.
 4 Thus am I now enclin'd
 To me oh G O D ! assistance grant,
 That, I may keep this mind,
 And, thee to friend, in ev'ry want.
 So, whether I,
 Sit low, or high,
 Or, shall be poore or Rich.
 It shall not keep
 Mine eie from sleep,
 Nor discontent me much.

H Y M N C V.

For one that is *promoted*.

*We may be made headfull, and kept mindfull, hereby,
 from whom Promotion cometh : to what end
 we should effect it ; and with what humility, and
 thankfulness we should possesse it.*

Sing this as the 4. Psalm.

By

BY his Endeavours no man may
His own *Preferment* make;
Although, he both an *Eastward-way*,
And *Westward-Courses* take :
For, having used all his Art,
His longings to obtain ;
His *Pow'r*, his *Wisedome*, and *Desart*,
Imploy'd may be in vain.
2 Ev'n *Kings*, who are those *Hills*, from whom,
Promotion seems to flow ;
And from whose *Heights*, most *Honours* come,
To those that are below ;
Ev'n they, who (in supremest place)
Preferments use to give ;
Can us, nor honour, or disgrace,
Till God vouchsafes them leave.
3 That, therefore, in this *Place*, I am
Where to, I, late was rais'd ;
Who should, but GOD, from whom it came,
For that, by me be prais'd ?
To whose renowne should I my *Place*,
And new-got pow'r imploy ?
But unto His, by whose meer Grace,
This Favour, I enjoy ?
4 LORD, give me wit, both to perceive,
And heed (all times) to take,
That, I this *Grace*, did not receive,
For mine own Vertue sake :
Or, my Ambition to fulfill ;
But rather, that I might

The

The better execute thy *Will*,
 In doing things upright.
 5 Let not my heart be puffed with pride ;
 Or, brutishly forget
 By whom I have bin dignified,
 And, on this height am set :
 But make me for it, ev'ry day,
 So thankfull unto Thee,
 That from things earthly climb I may,
 To those that heav'nly be.

HYMN CVI.

When our Hopes are obtained.

When our Hopes are accomplished we are well pleased thereby ; and yet are seldome thankfull to him, by whom they are obtained ; but ascribe overmuch to our owne wit or Industry. Therefore, to prevent that ingratitude and impiety, this Hymn is rendered.

Sing this as the former.

MY *Hope* ; and those endeavours, now,
 Which I have us'd therein ;
 Such good effects begin to shew,
 As have expected bin,
 Therefore, my Thoughts, which many waies
 Were busie to that end,

I

- I recollect to sing his praise,
Who did my hopes befriend.
- 2 It was not mine own *Strength*, or *Wit*,
Whereby the same I gain'd :
Deservings, which may challenge it,
I have not, yet attain'd.
For, if my Ill-deserts were weigh'd,
With what hath well bin done ;
The first would prove (I am afraid)
More heavie, *ten* to *One*,
- 3 It is, oh LORD, of thy meer Grace,
That, what I have desir'd,
So happily effected was,
And, in due time acquir'd.
Since thou art pleas'd, it should be so ;
Be, likewise pleas'd in this ;
That, nothing which thou do'st bestow,
May be employ'd amisse.
- 4 And, as my *Vertue* did not win,
What is conferr'd on me,
So, let me not by any Sin,
Thereof deprived be.
But, whensoever, by Offence,
I, Forfeits thereof make ;
Vouchsafe, to give me *Penitence* ;
And, me to *Mercy* take.

HYMN

HYMN CVII.

When our *Hopes* and *Endeavours* are made void.

This Hymn informeth, that when God frustrates our common and vain hopes, we should not be discouraged, but rather be thankfull for the comfort they were unto us when we had them ; and learne to fixe our confidence and hope on GOD only.

Sing this as the former.

Although that *Hope* is frustrate made,
 Which lately flatter'd me ;
 I have not lost the Hope I had ;
 Oh LORD, my GOD in Thee.
 Nor were those *Hopings* quite in vain,
 Which now seem wholly void ;
 For, while in me, they did remain,
 They kept my mind imploi'd.
 2 By that likewise, which is bereft,
 I have this knowledge won,
 That many Comforts may be left,
 When, some one *Hope* is gone :
 And, that by *Hopes*, which profit most,
 Disprofits are acrew'd.
 (With great disquiet, pains and cost)
 If not aright pursu'd.

3 He

3 He that will chafe with all his might,
 Each *Hope*, or *new-Defire*;
 Is like to Him, who in the Night
 Pursues a *wandering-Fire*.
 The last, is like to lose his way,
 (And happie, if no worse)
 The first, if so escape he may,
 Shall find an emptie purse.
 4 LORD, grant me still (though few succeed)
 Some *Hopes*, my Heart to please:
 For, to have *Hopes*, of what we need,
 Is, for the Time, an ease.
 Vouchsafe me *Grace*, to know how far,
 Such *Hopes* may trusted be.
 And *wit* likewise, to have a care,
 Their failings harm not me.
 5 So, whether they succeed or not,
 This, will to passe be brought,
 That, still some profit will be got,
 Though, lesse then first I fought.
 And, by Degrees, I shall attain,
 To hope in thee, alone.
 Who makest no mans hopes in vain,
 If Thee he trust upon.

H Y M N

HYMN CVIII.

For Deliverance from private Danger.

So many visible and invisible Dangers, we are daily liable unto, that without GOD'S continuall protection, we could be not safe one minute. Therefore, that we may be remembered to be thankfull for our infinite Deliverances, this Hymn, is made a Remembrancer.

Sing this as the former.

A Thousand perils, ev'ry day,
 Ten thousand, ev'ry night,
 Are over us, and in our way,
 Which are not in our sight :
 And us, didst thou not LORD, inclose,
 And, for our safeties watch ;
 Our Earthly, or our Hellish Foes,
 Our lives, would soon dispatch.
 2 From one apparant peril now,
 I have bin lately freed.
 Because, compassion thou do'st show,
 In ev'ry time of need :
 For which (since I no Gift can bring
 More pleasing unto Thee)
 A *Song of Praise*, my Tongue shall sing ;
 My Heart, shall thankfull be.

3 Oh !

3 Oh ! let thine Eie be still upon
 My purpose and my waies ;
 Left by my Foes I be undone ;
 Or, by mine own Affayes.
 For, I confesse, that nothing needs
 To harme, or work me woe,
 Save mine own *Follies*, and the *Deeds*,
 Which, I my self, may do.

HYMN CIX.

When we are opprest by extream Sorrow.

*When our Souls are much oppressed with Sorrow,
 we vainly seeke our Consolation in transitorie
 things ; and they rather more enrage then asswage
 our Passion, we are hereby therefore, remembred by
 what means, and by whom, we shall best be com-
 forted.*

Sing this as Te Deum.

MY Soul, why do'st thou in my breast,
 With griefs afflicted grow ?
 Why are my *Thoughts*, to my unrest,
 In me, increased so ?
 And in thy Self, by musings vain,
 Why do'st thou seek for ease ?
 Since, thou still more augment'st thy pain,
 By such like means as these ?
 2 When *Passion* hath enslav'd thy heart,
 Why seek'st thou Comfort there ?

VVhen

When thou depriv'd of *Reason* art,
What Reas'ning cureth Care?
The more thy mind by musing thinks
From *Sorrow's* Depths to rise;
The further downward still it sinks;
The nearer *Hell*, it lies.

3 Let therefore, hence with speed be thrown,
Those *Thoughts*, which thee attend.
Before, they thither, presse thee down,
Whence, no man can ascend.
And let on *Him*, thy musings dwell
Who (in meer love to Thee)
Hath div'd the Depths of *Death* and *Hell*,
That thou might'st eas'd be.

4 The *Sorrows*, he sustain'd, were such,
As no mans ever were.
His weakest pang, had been to much,
For strongest Hearts to bear.
His bitter *Passion*, made him sweat,
No less than drops of Blood:
And, *He*, when Suff'rings were most great,
Seem'd left of *Man*, and *God*.

5 Yet, was not *He*, as (Thou hast bin)
The Cause, of his own woe:
But, thy Transgression, and thy Sin,
In *Sorrow's* plung'd him so.
For shame, therefore bewail thou not
The *Scratch* which thee hath pain'd,
And leave those mortall wounds forgot,
Which He for thee sustain'd.

6 If

- 6 If his Afflictions,thou shalt mind ;
 Thy griefs,he will regard :
 And,ease and comfort,thou shalt find,
 At ev'ry need prepar'd.
 For,they who thus affected stand,
 And,cast their cares on him ;
 Have his compassion still at hand,
 To help and succour them.
- 7 Sweet *Iesu* ! for thy Passion sake,
 This Favour shew to me :
 Out of my heart,the *Sorrows* take,
 Which therein raging be.
 My *Passion* calme ; my *Soul* direct,
 Her thoughts,on Thee,to place :
 On my much troubled mind,reflect,
 The brightnes of thy Face.
- 8 Yea,let *Contrition*,for my Sin.
 So purge out carnall grief,
 That, *Joy-cælestiall* may bring in
 The fulnes of Relief.
 So,this my *Sorrow* shall but adde
 A relish to my Joy ;
 And,cause contentments to be had,
 Which nothing can destroy.

H Y M N

HYMN CX.

For Deliverance from *Sorrow*.

*Gods Readinesse to afford Consolation to all that call
on him faithfully in their Sorrowes, is here ac-
knowledged. His Deliverance of us from a par-
ticular Sorrow is here also confessed, to his praise;
and he is prayed to vouchsafe us the Joyes of the
holy-Ghost.*

Sing this as the former.

EXperiment, I now have had,
Of what I oft have heard;
'That such as over-night are fad,
Next Morrow may be cheer'd.
For, I that was with Grief oppress'd,
And overcharged so,
That, I had neither Hope, nor Rest,
Light-hearted now do grow.
2 My drooping Soul, begins to find
My comforts, to increase:
Sweet *Hopes* have repossest my mind:
From Teares, and Sighs, I cease.
My mournfull *Odes*, to *Hymns of Praise*,
Shall, therefore, changed be;
And, I my voice, oh LORD, will raise,
In thankfull Sounds, to Thee.
3 For,

- 3 For, Thou hast Cures, for ev'ry Grief:
 Fit Salves for ev'ry pain:
 And, wilt vouchsafe them, due relief,
 Who shall to thee complain.
 To me (who lately did lament)
 A comforter thou art;
 And, hast a *cheerfull Spirit*, sent
 Into my drooping Heart.
- 4 I wish'd for *Death*, and could perceive,
 In *Life*, no hope of ease:
 But, now content I am to live
 Whilst thou, oh LORD, shalt please.
 And in my Songs I will confesse,
 (Whilst I have Tongue to sing)
 That, all the comforts I possesse,
 From Thee, alone, do spring.
- 5 That this *new-Joy*, may not be lost,
 Those Joyes vouchsafe to me,
 Which flowing from the *Holy-Ghost*
 To all the Faithfull be.
 So, whatso'ere *externall-Grief*,
 My Pilgrimage attends;
 I shall *within*, feel that Relief
 In which, all *Sorrow*, ends.

L HYMN

HYMN CXI.

For them who are afflicted by the unkindnesses of their Friends.

To them who are of a gentle nature, this is a very great Affliction; therefore to comfort them who suffer by it; and to take advantage from unkindnesses suffered, to make them sensible of the greater unkindnesses which they offer to Him who suffered for us, this Hymn is prepared.

Sing this as Te Deum.

A Las! my Heart, what meanest thou
 With Passion, thus to Ake?
 Thy Friends unkindness, wherefore, now,
 So sadly dost thou take?
 Oh! why afflictest thou thy minde,
 For their neglect of Thee;
 Since to thy Self, thou art lesse kinde,
 Then all thy Foes can be.
 2 The Follies, which thy conscience knew
 Thy ruine, would effect;
 With greedinesse, thou dost pursue;
 And, safer waies, neglect.
 And when thy Lovers have advis'd,
 What, to thy weal pertains.
 Their kindnesse, thou hast oft despis'd;
 And skost them, for their pains.

3 If

3 If they whom thou dost well esteeme
Have ought unkindly done ;
Or, if but harsh their words do seem,
Thy Case thou dost bemone.
Yet, thou forgetst, that thou hast wrong'd
Affection, far more true ;
And, One to whom more love belong'd,
Then to all them, is due.

4 Thou hast a *Friend*, who from thy birth,
To thee hath faithfull been :
A better never liv'd on Earth ;
Nor shall his *Peer* be seen,
From vile estate, he rais'd thee
To that which now thou art ;
And, by his Death did set thee free,
When thou condemn'd wert.

5 To thee, great Favours he did shew,
No other Meed to finde,
But, that thy weal thou mightst pursue,
And, to thy selfe, be kinde.
To this intent, sweet words he said,
And, thee, long time did woe ;
For thee he wept ; and, thee, he pray'd
Thy Self, not to undoe.

6 Yet, froward, thou to him dost prove,
Who this Affection shews ;
Thy *Heart*, thy *Longings*, and thy *Love*
Thou placest on his *Foes*.
And, though he daily seek thy good,
(Thy faults forgiving, still)

L 2

Thou

Thou eat'st his *Flesh*, and drink'st his *Blood*,
And, bear'st him small good will.

7 My G O D ! if thus I be to blame
(Which justly I suspect)

No marvell if I grieved, am
By those, whom I affect.

For why should I from others, looke
Firme Love, on earth to finde;
Since all my vowes, I oft have broke,
To one, so truly kinde?

8 Sweet J E S U let my flinty heart,
More tender waxe to Thee.

Of thy Afflictions, and thy smart,
More feeling grant thou me.

Yea, let my Friends unkindnesse bring,
Thofe Griefs unto my minde,
Which did thy heart, with sorrow sting,
When *Man* did prove unkinde.

9 For, when that he who eat thy bread,
Thy precious life betray'd :

When all thy Servants from thee fled;
When *Peter* thee denay'd;

And, when thy *Father* hid his face,
From Thee, in thy distresse :

Ten Thousand times more grief it was,
Then Tongue shall ere expresse.

10 L O R D, for that great Vnkindnesse sake,
Which thou didst then sustaine,

Thofe thoughts to me more easie make
Which now my heart do pain.

And,

And, since *Earths-best contentments* be
 So bitter, to my Taſt ;
Teach me, to fixe my heart on thee,
 Whoſe Love, ſtill, firm, doth laſt.
11 For, if our hearts it almoſt breakes
 When friends do prove unkinde ;
What feeleth he, whom G O D forfakes ?
 What comfort can he finde ?
L O R D ! that I never may bewaile
 This loſſe ; thy *Love*, ſtill daign ;
So, though all other Friendſhips faile,
 I ſhall not long complain.

F I N I S .





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